

THE LIVING AGE.

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146 THE KNOTTED CORDS.—LIGHT ON THE WHITE HILLS.

THE KNOTTED CORDS.

"Take these things hence."

In the great temple made with hands,
Where Jewish altars drip with blood,
Behold ! the true Messiah stands—
In lowly guise, but loftiest mood ;
And bids the sons of Traffic flee—
His spirit stirred to shame's deep sense,
Their merchandise and gold to see,
With scourge and voice, "Take these things
hence !"

From scourge and voice the guilty throng,
With fear amazed, a sudden rush,
And Zion's courts and halls along
There spreads a strange and solemn hush ;
Nor Priest, nor Pharisee, the ire
Fierce seething in his bosom vents,
Awd by the brightness of the fire
Which flames the words, "Take these things
hence !"

This vision comes from out the Past,
There is no Jewish temple more ;
And Time and Death their spells have cast
O'er the long-buried scene of yore :
"Oxen and sheep and doves" not yet,
To God's high courts, as shambles, come ;
Then why not we the speech forget,
Which smote those old offenders dumb ?

Ah, never words of Christ may die,
Nor while they live their savor lose ;
Instinct with force and import high,
Or if we heed them, or refuse ;
The lesson of the knotted cords
Has for our souls an inner sense ;
Still sound for us the Master's words
On Zion's hill : "Take these things hence !"

We sit within our sacred fanes,
One temple to a thousand grown ;
And deem a-glory each contains,
To dim Shekinah all unknown ;
Nor mourn we altar-fires gone out,
Nor sigh for sacrifices done ;
Such nobler worth we fold about
Our bleeding Lamb, God's only Son.

Yet there, ay, there, before his cross,
Its blood-prints reddening in our gaze,
We sometimes count our yellow dross,
And sometimes tread our week-day ways ;
Our fields and flocks grow far more real
Than heaven's divinest influence ;
Till echoes on our memory steal
Of the old tones : "Take these things hence."

Ah, lighter sin was theirs of old,
Who trafficked on the Temple's floor,
Than ours, who build a shrine to Gold,
Within the church's hallowed door.
Not sacrificial doves and sheep
Profaned so much God's ancient place
As sordid thoughts our souls that steep
Within the pale of his sweet grace.

We carry not along the aisle
Our week-day airs, our week-day dress ;
What matters this, if we, the while,
Are wedded to our worldliness !
Our lands, our stocks, our gold are there,
For barter, in a fearful sense ;
And clearer than our murmured prayer
Rings the stern cry, "Take these things
hence !"

The knotted scourge may be restrained,
That we the gentler speech may heed ;
But God's own house too long profaned—
The guilty soul is sure to bleed :
With flaming zeal the Lord will come,
To drive the rash intruder thence,
Who, stricken sorrowful and dumb,
Will heed the voice : "Take these things
hence."

How sweeter far to hold the place
Where God our supplications hears,
And pours the beauty of his face,
Like sunshine through our falling tears,
Too dear, too pure, for aught below
To wile us there on vain pretence ;
And never more the shame to know
Of Christ's reproach : "Take these things
hence !"

W. C. RICHARDS.

—*Examiner.*

LIGHT ON THE WHITE HILLS.

A LEADEN sky is bending dark
Above me as I stand,
The north wind, cold, and thick with storms,
Is chilling half the land ;
But, far away, a hundred hills
Stand bathed in mellow light,
All covered deep with winter's snow,
All radiant and white.

And so to me, who stand alone
'Neath threatening heavens furled,
Those far-off mountains seem to be
Hills of a holier world ;
And old Franconia's ragged sides,
Letting the glory in,
Like the transparent gates of pearl,
Shutting out grief and sin.

And other skies will gather dark,
And other winds blow cold,
And storms of sorrow, fierce and strong,
Come rushing o'er the world ;
But, brighter, seen through mists and tears,
Will gleam the distant light,
God's glory, on those shining hills,—
His promise still in sight.

J. A. E.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

From The Reader, 18 June.

UNPOPULARITY OF GREAT BRITAIN ABROAD.

GREAT BRITAIN, it seems, is at this moment extremely unpopular with all the rest of the world. By some of the great powers she is absolutely detested; others are unusually cold in their estimates of her; and the one or two that are still kindly to her as a nation are sad on account of her present statesmanship. Such, at least, is the report from all quarters; and there seem to be corroborations of its truth. Neither of the two powers now at war with each other in North America is satisfied with the conduct of Great Britain in reference to their struggle; and the feeling of the Federals toward her is one of actual bitterness. On the Continent, for some time past, but more especially since the war between the Germans and the Danes began, there has been a universal pointing of fingers, with hisses or other unflattering expressions, towards our tight little island. We have been snubbed by Russia for our officiousness in the matter of Poland, without any compensation in the way of respect or gratitude from the Poles. In France the selfishness and insular narrow-mindedness of Britain are at present the favorite themes of journalists. As to Germany—why, there, it is said, we are in such disfavor on account of our behavior in the Schleswig-Holstein business that English tourists are everywhere, throughout the German States, received with the cold shoulder, and are even in risk of insult. The statement has been contradicted; but it has been made and repeated so strongly that it is impossible to suppose it wholly false. And then, in poor little Denmark, where they do love us for the sympathy so generally shown among us for their cause, they are sorely disappointed that our sympathy has been so barren of aught save words. In short, if there never has been a time when Britain was generally popular with other nations, she seems at present to be exceptionally unpopular all round.

In Mr. Aubéron Herbert's volume, just published under the title of "The Danes in Camp: Letters from Sønderborg"—a volume which we briefly noticed last week, and which we again recommend as containing graphic sketches, by an enthusiastic English friend of the Danes, of scenes and incidents

of the warfare in Schleswig in March last,—there are several passages in which the author calls the attention of his fellow-countrymen to this present unpopularity of our nation abroad, and to the causes of it. Here are the most notable of these passages:—

"A German's Talk about Us on the Railway from Hanover to Hamburg.—Some of his remarks on England struck me as containing grains of truth. 'You are personally disliked,' he said, 'because you affect a superiority over other nations. No nation can submit patiently to be despised; and yet this is what your speech and your writing and your manner require of us to bear. You have now no right to be surprised if, when your foreign policy has made you the laughing-stock of Europe, we take advantage of the opportunity to hurl back this contempt at you.' After that he relapsed into wildness, with only occasional gleams of reason. 'You do not understand in England such questions as the Dano-German. Your people are uneducated, and forced to follow the teaching of the press, which is corrupt. The Manchester school is coming to the head of affairs, and they will never allow you to go to war, however many a "*dröhnungs-note*" you may write. You are no longer a military power; you could not even raise, during the Crimean War, as many soldiers as you wanted in England. You are very great at spinning cotton or working iron,—at making money, but not at making war.' There are two ideas, as you will notice here, which have taken fast hold of the German mind,—the one that our press has entirely lost its independence, and the other that England could not and would not sustain the burden of a great war."

"What they think of Us in Denmark.—The Danes are sorely hurt at our desertion of their fortunes. They feel it the more acutely because between them and England there has existed a silent brotherhood. English is the language which is taught in their schools and colleges, and which forms a regular part of their education. Their customs, their feelings, their ways of thought, their character, and sometimes their very look, are English. To English literature they have turned in the attempt to oppose it to that of Germany, which, during the last years, has been creeping silently northwards; English is the language which they seem to have chosen even in preference to French or German, which would have afforded a better link of communication between themselves and the nations of that great continent on whose outer edge their fortunes are cast, and

to which they cling desperately, with nothing but the bravery and the stern virtues of the old Norse race to maintain them on their narrow foothold. Whatever the Danes feel on the subject of England, they say but little to an Englishman. It always touches me to see how much their courtesy seals their lips. Sometimes, however, the thought escapes indirectly from them."

"*Universal Opinion of Us on the Continent.*—It is well for an Englishman as he travels through Germany, if he understands no language but his own. The most undisguised contempt is poured upon us. We have not been liked for some time past in Prussia; but, until the present, we were at least respected. Let me try and put before you something of that which I have heard from educated foreigners, not Danes, about our behavior.

"'You in England,' say my friends, 'have taken up a neighbor's quarrel; you have taken the cards out of his hands, and played them for him; you have played them for him in such a way as to give all that his antagonist asked; you have made him separately and severally concede every point demanded; nowhere and at no moment has he refused to follow the course on which you have insisted, or turned aside from the sacrifices which you have dictated; nor has he taken his cards back into his own hands until the last moment, when you yourselves have thrown them up, and have left him alone and friendless to play the remnant of this miserable game out for himself. Is not this literally what you have done? I do not want to judge your conduct by what men think of it in Denmark; I am willing that it should stand on its trial in any court or country which you choose to name in Europe; but if, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Paris, at Turin, or anywhere else out of England you choose, you find but one opinion, and that of such a sort as would, could you hear it, disturb even your self-esteem, are you willing to remain quite happy in your share of the past, and quite satisfied with what you have done? Are you quite sure that, after all, these foreign nations, who from different points of view have formed but one opinion about your writings and your doings, are not as likely to be right as you who are judging from one point of view of what relates to yourselves? . . . Of what weight will your voice be hereafter in the councils of Europe to protest against a wrong, or to uphold a right? Of what value will be your seal? Why, even the voice and seal of Prussia—whom you have been in the habit of calling fearful and selfish—will count for more than yours! Of what use now are you, or will you be henceforward, in main-

taining order in the great European family? You can have no external policy. Your Eastern, your Italian, your Grecian, or your Portuguese policy will break as a bubble beneath any finger which touches it. You may fight when your own possessions are threatened; but, as a member of the European family, with a controlling voice in the interests and happiness of Christendom, you have vacated your place. What right have you to do this? What right, as a first-class nation, have you to try and free yourself from the obligations of your position? . . . Nor, in all probability, will peace be the reward of your peaceful policy. Some minister or people, presuming on the past, will insult you; and you are still too proud a nation to bear, without resenting it, a national insult. You will then find yourselves engaged in some great war, standing alone and apart from the sympathy of Europe, and with the bitter reflection that this had been spared, had you known how to speak in season a few words of brave and honest meaning when the peace of Europe demanded it.'

"What can I say? What do you find to say in England; or are you silent as I am? That, perhaps, which mortifies one most deeply is the remembrance that twice, even without time to change our dresses, we have played the same character. There was but one feeling in England that we had either spoken too much or done too little for unhappy Poland; and yet, loudly as we reproached ourselves, we were only repenting to be free to sin again. But the subject is hateful."

Deducting as much as we choose from these reports of Mr. Herbert, on account of the one-sided susceptibility which we may suppose his passionate affection for the Danish cause may have given him,—and one does note in his book a certain innocence and juvenility of feeling which, while it makes us like him, would hardly dispose us to receive implicitly his judgments or even his impressions,—we have still enough left to be matter of thought. His testimony that we are very unpopular at present throughout Europe accords with too many other testimonies to be set aside; and, though a nation ought not, any more than an individual, to set so much store on popularity with its neighbors as to be greatly downcast by the cessation of it, provided it has the approval of its own conscience, yet a nation cannot, any more than an individual, be quite indifferent to the fact that it is generally disliked. It is for political journalists to investigate the causes of

the present universal unpopularity of Great Britain, in so far as they lie in the peculiar course of diplomatic action which has been pursued by our Government in such recent international questions as those of the American war, the Polish insurrection, and the quarrel between the Danes and the Germans. There are aspects of the subject, however, of less exclusively political interest.

In so far as our unpopularity may have arisen from the resentment of other nations at the general tone of British opinion and feeling in reference to questions which are of life-and-death importance to those nations, the contemplation of this unpopularity need not disturb our equanimity unless we are conscious of having neglected the duty that lies upon us always to qualify ourselves for having an opinion on a foreign question before pronouncing one. What is the means by which we can qualify ourselves for judging of a foreign question and for honestly letting one side or the other of those actively engaged in the question have the benefit of our good wishes and expressions of sympathy? There is no other means than the study of the question. This phrase "the study of the question" is one which we ought to keep frequently repeating to ourselves in these days when we are called upon, almost by the habits of society, to be so opinionative all of a hurry upon matters far beyond our own personal range. There are, perhaps, few questions, however complex, — the terrible American war itself being hardly an exception, — in which it would not be competent for an intelligent man, if only he would take a little pains, to arrive at such a distinct preponderance of affection for one side or the other as would at least be sufficient for himself. They are comparatively few, however, in any community who take this trouble in forming their politics. We rush into decisions on the impulse of a few stock-notions or prejudices, or simply because, when all around us are vehement, we must be vehement too, in order to do our part in the talk. What we have to ask ourselves now, accordingly, in presence of the fact of our unpopularity abroad, is whether we have of late, and in reference to recent questions of international interest, been more than usually hurried and careless of real inquiry in the formation of our opinions. If our consciences acquit us of any such

fault, we need not take our unpopularity much to heart. In a country like this there will always be such oppositions and differences of view on contemporary foreign questions, even among those who do base their judgments on study and inquiry, that what is called the national tone of feeling on any such question can only be the tone of feeling of a more or less considerable majority. It is to be remembered also that, when parties are in conflict, we can never please them all, and that, whatever amount of anger may be directed against us because of the tone of feeling which is prevalent, there would probably have been as much anger if the tide of feeling had gone the other way. Still, the lesson for us is the necessity there always is of a study of the question respecting which events call us, if only as spectators, to come to a conclusion. In the war between Germany and Denmark, for example, what we behold is history making a step forward, — a tendency to some new adjustment at that point in the map of Europe where the Scandinavian and the German races, and the political systems which they respectively represent, come into mutual contact, and where there has long been a disturbed equilibrium. We are called upon, if only as spectators, to say how we should like to see history taking this step, — what particular adjustment would best satisfy us. It does not seem impossible that, as spectators, we should arrive at a notion of an adjustment which should be equitable and expedient in all the circumstances of the case, — which should remedy the original causes of discontent in Schleswig-Holstein, and, while gratifying as far as may be our natural British sympathies with brave little Denmark, and also that general Scandinavianism which seems to have been suddenly awakened in our fibre (as if we felt more akin to the Scandinavians than to the Germans, and more bound up with them in the near future of Europe), should yet recognize the respect due from all the world to any idea on which a nation so great intellectually as the Germans declares itself to be unanimous.

How we should judge and wish in such matters, is one question; what we ought to do, if our judgment and wishes are thwarted, and our recommendations scouted and rejected, is another. There are among us at pres-

ent who are rampant for a war, on certain easy contingencies, in behalf of Denmark. What leads them to this is, partly indignation at the fixed idea of foreign powers and peoples that Britain, now that she has the Manchester party in such influence at the heart of her, will never go to war with anything whatever, and that, consequently, in any arrangements concerning other parts of the earth, no attention need be paid to her. They long to see an end put to this state of things,—to see Great Britain go to war, if only to prove that she can go to war. A very unsatisfactory reason, we think, for resorting to the last action of nations! When, and for what, a country should go to war, is a question removed by a dark intervening gulf from the question, when, and for what, a country should avow its convictions of right, or its predilections of expediency. The gulf can hardly be too broad. There may, indeed, come occasions when it must be overleaped; but they ought, surely, and especially for an island like ours, to be few and far between. May the next occasion for us be distant! And yet, in the state in which the whole world now is, who can tell how near it may be?

From the *Volks-Zeitung* (Berlin: Democratic),
11 June.

THE ILL-WILL TO ENGLAND ON THE CONTINENT.

In the latest newspaper reports from Paris, an incident in so-called public life is related, which in itself is so insignificant that it will soon be forgotten, but which, as a symptom of the state of feeling which, on another more serious occasion, may lead to important results, merits a word or two of notice.

At a race at the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, a prize of 100,000 francs was offered, for which, an English and a French horse, which had won triumphs elsewhere, were competitors. The French horse gained the victory, and the enthusiasm of the French spectators rose to such a height, that the French papers designate it "a real political event." The accounts of German newspapers complete the description of the scene. "The Court," says a correspondent, "left for Fontainebleau—the emperor, the empress, and her son, in an open carriage. So long as I have been here, I have never, excepting on parades, when the *Vice l'Empereur!* regularly rolls like thunder, heard such a hurrah. The two cries alternated: 'Long live the Emperor!

Down with England! Long live the Imperial Prince! Down with England!'"

We have no need to explain to our readers, who are Germans, what value is to be given to the vivats of a Paris crowd, as they have a disgust for all such homage to the gods of the age. But, even in the crimes of a nation, there is something to be seen of its convictions, and sometimes there is a deep tone in a mere cry, which may grow to great importance.

It is this deep tone in the outcry against England which merits attention, and which we refer to all the more freely, as we are devoid of that ill-will toward England which is prevalent in Germany.

We now speak of a matter which we should be glad if thinking men in England would reflect on. The opinion and clamor of a people are often the forerunners of great historical events, which overwhelm those who will not listen to them. England appears to have long suffered by this crime. A warning from such a quarter, where, as in Germany, old sympathies are difficult to eradicate, should make the English think, in the midst of their national pride, that it is time to consider the cause and effects of such phenomena.

We need not say that we have a predisposition for England, which it would be difficult for us to get over. There is not a good law, a useful invention, or practical arrangement, in which England has not been our model. In comparison to what we have learnt from our teacher of German descent, all that we have learnt from our Romanic neighbor is of doubtful nature. What we have taken from him in legislation is the oppression of freedom, the *surveillance* and *espionage* of centralization officials. We only give England her due when we say that we have to thank her for every step we have made in the way of reform.

In spite of this fact, the ill-will towards England has been increasing and increasing until it almost amounts to hostility, and as what we speak of in Germany, in this respect, prevails all over Europe, the cause must, according to all the rules of scientific investigation, lie in England, and we would earnestly urge all thinking men in England, for the good of their nation, to seek it. We will only indicate what appears to us to be the cause of this phenomenon. . . .

England is now in a transition state, in which she is descending from the height of a State dictating to the world to a community anxious only to get wealth. . . . Hence it is that England talks big, in the old English style, on every European affair; and hence it is, also, that she is silent, and sinks down to inactivity so soon as it comes to doing something for an idea.

From The Spectator, 18 June.

HOW THE LYONS PRIESTS FARED IN ROME.

It is probably within the knowledge of most persons who pay any attention to what is going on abroad, that an angry suit is now pending between the clergy of the diocese of Lyons, backed by the French Government, and the Court of Rome, although it probably exceeds the knowledge of most persons to give an account of the points at issue, and of the specific matter which makes the litigants so hot and stubborn in their respective causes. From all times, suits in ecclesiastical courts have not only been notoriously incomprehensible, but the Court of Rome has especially studied to cloak from profane inspection its own proceedings in such matters in an almost impenetrable mystery. It is therefore a real surprise to find ourselves unexpectedly furnished with a narrative, which, in the clearness of its revelations as to what has been going on in the innermost sanctuary of those jealously guarded penetralia of the ecclesiastical world, is like a shaft that has suddenly laid bare the hidden wonders of the earth's inner doings. A more curious or a more instructive document has not come to light for many a day, and we will epitomize it, for the information of the English public.

The immediate cause of conflict arises from the attempt of the Court of Rome, in pursuance of its centralizing principles of policy, to impose upon the diocese of Lyons the Roman liturgy, in the place of the one which it has been the especial boast of that diocese to use, as a badge of distinction, and to which the clergy of that diocese ascribe a highly venerable antiquity. Accordingly, this clergy, animated with a strong sense of dutiful reverence, subscribed a memorial to the pope, which was signed by 14,000 priests, that is to say, by nearly every ecclesiastic in the diocese, and then carried to Rome by five members of their body deputed to present it to the pope. These five priests have been to Rome on the duty intrusted to their charge, and have addressed to their fellow-clergy at Lyons a report of what befell them on their mission, which report has been published by a leading paper in Turin. It should be stated, for those who have no previous acquaintance with the subject, that the practically unanimous feeling of the clergy of the diocese was not participated in by their archbishop, Cardinal Bonald, who had been at

Rome for some time when the deputation was sent thither, and actively advocated submission to the changes which the pope was anxious to introduce. These views, however, had not always been those of the archbishop; for twenty years ago, but before he was a cardinal, he had both published an edition of the impugned breviary and issued an episcopal *mandement*, dwelling on the special grounds for cherishing it. Before starting on their errand to lay their petition at the pope's feet, the five priests were furnished, for their guidance, with certain instructions which were settled in a meeting of priests, and are characteristic of their deferential temper. They were told immediately to wait on Cardinal Bonald, so as to remove all ground for any impression that they wished to act independently of their ecclesiastical superior, to pay their respects to Cardinal Antonelli, to arm themselves with patience in the event of the pope declining to receive either deputation or petition, and to refrain as much as possible from having recourse to the friendly intervention of the French ambassador, so as not to offend the susceptibilities of the Holy See, about the intervention of civil authorities, in matters within the pale of purely religious jurisdiction. Accordingly, to Cardinal Bonald the deputation went at once, on arrival in Rome the 23d January, and the reception they met with, as recounted in the simplicity of confidential communication, was marked by truly singular admissions on the part of the high dignitary. "Straight off," write the delegates, "the cardinal pitied us for the untoward mission we had undertaken, calling us poor victims, neither whose person nor whose petition would be received by the sovereign pontiff, adding, that, as for that big bundle of papers with its fourteen hundred signatures, the best that could be done with it would be to throw it into the fire in the sharp, cold weather." But the five priests were not men to be got rid of by facetiousness, and pertinaciously insisted on worrying their archbishop into a serious conversation. Perhaps he thought to relieve himself by boldly taking the initiative into his own hands. Instead of waiting for what the delegates had to say, the cardinal broke out into complaints at the part which he affirmed the clergy to have taken, in exciting through the press agitation on the score of the change

in the ritual. This charge was distinctly denied. The clergy had absolutely abstained from all steps not strictly legitimate. "But," exclaimed the cardinal, "I ought to have been left to act here by myself; I am in Rome about the question of the liturgy; your intervention can only prevent the conservation of things which I could have obtained." To this the astonished delegates replied, by bringing out a letter of the archbishop's, of the 11th December, in which he had himself encouraged and recommended the scheme of a petition to be presented to the pope. "Oh! my letter, my letter!" cried the cardinal, "I never meant to say more than, after all, Do just as you choose." The sturdy and earnest priests still would not desist. They now came to close quarters, and discussed the particular points at issue. The cardinal said that misapprehension existed as to what was intended, "We shall preserve our liturgy, that is to say, our ceremonies; it is only our breviary and our missal which we cannot keep, for they are not canonical." This observation was met with much force. "In this manner," it was answered, "the great and capital ground will be abandoned, which, up to now, has been brought forward against us, that we were not in uniformity. If our ceremonies are preserved, which are so different from the Roman ones, will our flocks be more apt to think themselves in uniformity?" Besides, the delegates affirmed that the breviary and the missal were in their eyes quite as venerable, and referred in support to their archbishop's own words, twenty years before. At this home-thrust the cardinal cried out, "I made a mistake; it was an error on my part; I had no right to republish the breviary of the diocese." "Astounded at this renunciation, we replied, 'But, Eminence, it is a right and custom perpetually enjoyed by your predecessors, as you have yourself shown in your *mandement* of the 23d November, 1843.'—'But no,' said he, 'the pope alone has the right.'" Still the five priests stood up for their view, supporting it temperately by a string of cogent arguments which evidently grated on the cardinal's temper; for he broke out in the exclamation, "Gerges! just go and say these things in Rome, and you'll see what you will get by them!" and then wound up by saying, "The Lyons clergy is doing itself

a deal of harm by the opposition; for on all sides it is freely said that you reject the ritual of the Roman breviary, only because it is longer than your own." "With a real sadness at hearing their archbishop giving expression to so grievous and unjust imputations," the five delegates withdrew from his presence, and proceeded to pay their respects to Cardinal Antonelli. Here everything was most charming and affable, so that the good priests of Lyons do not conceal their high sense of the extraordinary condescension shown them by this dignitary of the Church, and their firm conviction of his sincere readiness to prove their good friend. Only unfortunately they discovered that the cardinal was practically debarred from giving that effect to his warm zeal in their behalf with which they trustingly credited him. The matter did not lie within his department, and so, after a conversation marked with the warmest protestations, they had to leave Cardinal Antonelli with no greater result than having been fascinated by his manner,—the assurance that it was not he, but Monsignore Pacca who must be applied to for an audience of the pope, and the advice to go and discuss the object of their mission with Monsignore Bartolini, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, within whose special jurisdiction the question lay. With heartfelt thanks for the cordial disposition he had evinced, by rendering them such essential service, and an inward conviction that if it depended on him alone, the rights of the Church of Lyons would be inviolate, these simple-minded delegates now trudged away to Monsignore Bartolini.

But here, such "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream," as can be expressed only by those who experienced it. "Coming from a person highly distinguished for his education, the courtesy of his language, the perfect tone of his manners, here we fell suddenly on a man whose coarseness bore the stamp of his origin. As soon as he was told who we were, and why we came, this man of an enormous and deeply-colored face flew into a very paroxysm of frenzy; his too vehement speech could utter none but stammering and inarticulate words; his face became suffused with blood and made one fear a stroke, and in the midst of those furious transports we could with difficulty pick up the following incriminations: "We were

mutineers, insurgents, schismatics, and other pleasant objects of the same kind.' Holding in his hand a volume by M. Bouix, the intrinsic merit of which he enhanced, he suddenly shied the volume across the room." In spite of the savage grotesqueness of this Roman Jefferies, the delegates tried for some time to converse with him; but at last, "half smiling with pity, half feeling a sense of shame, they got up to take leave of this strange authority," being determined never to visit him again.

So far the Lyons delegates had had some rather strange interviews, but were really not a whit advanced in their business; namely, to see the pope, and present to him the petition. Now, it is an established usage that the pope is accessible to every priest. Nothing is wanted but to express a desire for an audience and the ecclesiastic is admitted with the shortest possible delay to the presence of his highest superior. On this occasion, however, the established rule was departed from; for although the five priests duly demanded an audience with the prescribed formalities, no reply was for some time vouchsafed. The truth is that the pope was at a loss how to see them without getting entangled in awkward discussions, and Monsignore Dupanloup exactly stated the case when he said that the petition was felt to be a weapon too terrible to encounter. Still for a pope roundly to refuse audience to pious professed Catholic ecclesiastics was an impossible act; and so one morning Cardinal Bonald sent for the delegates, and submitted to them in writing the terms on which they were to be received. They ran thus: "1st. The pope consents to receive you. 2d. I shall be present, and it is I who will present you. 3d. You will merely have to listen to the words which the pope will address to you, and which afterwards I shall get printed. 4th. You are interdicted from making any reply to the pope's words, unless he addresses some individual question, otherwise I alone shall lead. 5th. It is distinctly understood that you will not present your petition, and will not speak about the liturgy." The first impulse was to decline an audience on these humiliating conditions; but the reflection that they would thus miss hearing the pope's allocution induced them to bow to them. On the 4th February they were accordingly admitted to the pope's presence, when,

we are told, "everything went off, in strict accordance with the programme." The cardinal stood at the right, his vicar-general at the left hand of the pope. Several times the delegates attempted to utter a few words, but immediately the cardinal was there, sometimes taking hold of the speaker's arm, sometimes thrusting his hand before the face of him who wished to speak, and so imposed silence. "Thus we went away without having been able to say a word or present the petition of a whole diocese." With this abortive audience, the official actions of the delegates in Rome came to an end, and they returned home, leaving their petition with Cardinal Antonelli, who, they fondly believed, would do his best to promote their business. It happened, however, that one of their body had to stay behind in Rome from sickness, which had previously prevented his accompanying his colleagues to the audience. This ecclesiastic now determined to seek in his individual capacity of mere priest a private audience of the pope, with the view of finding an opportunity of enlightening him as to the temper of the Lyons clergy. The difficulties thrown in his way were great, and he had already been assured that his request would not be attended to when one morning he was suddenly summoned to the Vatican.

The interview that now took place between the French priest and Pius IX., who this time was quite alone, was marked by all the characteristic features of the pope's hasty, explosive, and weak temperament. No sooner was the priest ushered into his presence than the pope, as if bursting with impatience, accosted him outright in a voluble and excited strain, which ended by his calling the Lyons clergy oppositionists. The French priest appears to have been a man of quiet nerve; for instead of losing his head at this unexpected harangue, he simply waited until the pope had exhausted his passion, and then respectfully taking up the talk, he simply but firmly went through, step by step, the historical grounds on which he and his fellow-clergy took their stand. Gradually the pope felt at a loss how to rebut these calm arguments, and plainly revealed his own sense of his position in the remarks which he feebly ejaculated. The pope having exclaimed, in reference to the petition, that he could not receive it, the priest elo-

quently dwelt on the painful impression which must be produced in the diocese, by this resolution. "What will be said, what will be thought, O Holy Father!" he said, "when we return to our diocese and report to so large a number of priests of all ages, 'Your humble and respectful prayers, your numerous and respectable signatures have been rejected as worthless by the supreme pontiff, who has not even chosen to receive them.'" To this the pope, somewhat moved, lisped out the words, "Obedience, obedience!" whereupon the priest exclaimed, boldly, "Obedience! oh, beyond denial the diocese has never failed in it, but yet, especially under present circumstances, would not a feeling of sincere affection and of hearty thankfulness be of greater worth than a constrained and forced obedience?" With these warning words ended this remarkable interview. Softly murmuring obedience once again, the pope gave his parting blessing,

and the French ecclesiastic went out, "with the consciousness of having done his duty, but sadly penetrated with the conviction that the cause of Lyons was lost."

To append any commentary to this striking narrative would be an act of supererogation. What can be more demonstrative of the foolish self-will and inflated arrogance, which has possessed the papacy in these latter times, of its visible decrepitude, than this exhibition on the part of Pius IX. of a determination, at all events, to humiliate, by an exercise of such authority as remains to him? The pride of this proceeding—a proceeding that gratuitously aims at wounding the dearest feelings of a powerful section of faithful Catholics, by depriving them arbitrarily of privileges sanctioned by immemorial practice, and solemnly confirmed by former popes—smacks truly of the suicidal folly which is proverbially inflicted by the gods on those doomed to destruction.

Liability of the Government of Great Britain for the Depredations of Rebel Privateers on the Commerce of the United States considered. By Charles P. Kirkland. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. Pp. 37.

WHEN we occasionally hear of the depredations and burnings committed by the *Alabama*, and suchlike vessels on the high seas, we find a certain consolation in the idea that such terrible visits on the commerce of the North must of necessity be few and far between; but when we turn to the appendix of the pamphlet before us, and glance down page after page of the long tabulated list of vessels destroyed or captured by "the rebel privateers," as they are termed in the North, we begin to form something like an approximate notion of the matter, and can the more readily believe how terrible this war on the continent of America must be when at sea, even with means so inadequate, the destruction of property is so tremendous. Up to the first of October, 1863, the number of vessels destroyed by the Southerners was one hundred and seventy-eight, representing over eighty thousand tons. Now, were any of our readers to stand on the seashore—say at Yarmouth, or at Hastings—on an av-

erage English summer day, and gaze from horizon to horizon, he would find that the one hundred and seventy-eight vessels would fill the space, and the impression left on the mind would be that the sea was swarming with ships. Such a sea of ships have the Southern cruisers destroyed; and since the first of last October, their efforts have been rather renewed than abated. The object of Mr. Kirkland's pamphlet is to prove, by international law, that England is responsible for all this destruction, and that America is entitled to indemnity.—*Reader*, 28 May.

CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA TREES IN INDIA.—Dr. Anderson, Superintendent of the Calcutta Botanic Garden, is inspecting the introduction of Cinchona into the Sikkim Himalayas. His nursery is reported to be in a most flourishing condition, and he has seven species under cultivation. He states that it promises to be a most successful experiment on those moist hills.

From The Spectator.

ONGCOR THE GREAT.*

HENRI MOUHOT belongs to a class of travellers very rare in England, but very valuable,—the *savans* who travel, not to describe or enjoy, but to acquire and to diffuse knowledge. A teacher, and the son of a teacher, he resided ten years in Russia as a “professor,” and acquired, among other things, a good knowledge of the Russian, and a profound hatred of the social and political system of the empire. Quitting the country on the outbreak of the Crimean War, he visited England, sustaining himself as a photographer, and then retired to Jersey to devote himself to the smaller departments of natural history. An English book placed in his hands, however, excited in him a passionate desire to visit the great Asiatic peninsula which divides the British possessions from China. The Geographical Societies found the funds, and he succeeded in traversing Siam, Laos, Cambodia, and other regions almost or quite unknown to Europeans, and was about to explore North-Western China, when he fell a victim to a fever, 10th November, 1861. These volumes are the rough notes of his travels, only partly corrected, and want something of the life and vigor he would doubtless have communicated to them. They are, however, though somewhat bald, full of observation conveyed with the true lucidity of a Frenchman. The narrative, from its excessive barrenness, is not interesting, but it is simple, and leaves on readers, the majority of whom, like ourselves, are probably unacquainted with Siam, the impression of conscientious accuracy.

By far the most valuable chapter, and the most considerable addition made by M. Mouhot to our knowledge, is the account of Ongcor, the ancient capital of Cambodia, a city full of ruins, so vast and so finished as to suggest the former presence of a highly civilized race; but we must not pass by altogether his account of Bangkok, the capital of Siam. This city is built on a river, which seems to have excited M. Mouhot’s warm admiration, the Menam, or, as English geographers generally spell it, the Meinam, “Mother of Waters,” a really magnificent river, so deep that the “largest vessels can coast along its

banks without danger.” It contains from three to four hundred thousand inhabitants, at a guess which M. Mouhot believes, but which is probably exaggerated, and may be shortly described as an Asiatic Venice. “Whether bent on business or pleasure, you must go by water. In place of the noise of carriages and horses, nothing is heard but the dip of oars, the songs of sailors, or the cries of the Cipayes (Siamese rowers). The river is the high street and the boulevard, while the canals are the cross streets, along which you glide, lying luxuriously at the bottom of your canoe.” The ships float into the very centre of the town, and the larger houses are all approached from the water’s edge. M. Mouhot had the honor of an interview with the kings, of whom there are two, bearing to each other much the relation of the Augustus and Cæsar of the later ages of Rome. The two were supposed to reign with a co-ordinate though unequal authority; but M. Mouhot discredits this political theory. He says the second king, though he has an army and establishment of his own, is really only the first subject, can spend no money without the first king’s consent, and has no privileges except exemption from the duty of prostration when the sovereign enters. The statement is valuable as clearing up an error; but as a matter of fact, we believe the second king, like the Cæsar, is always the heir-apparent, is invested with “sanctity,”—i. e., cannot publicly be sentenced by his sovereign,—is personally absolute, has power of life and death, is entitled to a voice in affairs, and, when an able man, exercises many of the functions of a prime minister. Just at present, both he and his brother, the first king, are white-washed Asiatics, i. e., men who have studied European learning and acquired many European ideas, but remain Oriental sovereigns nevertheless.

Aided by the Catholic missionaries and royal favor, M. Mouhot penetrated to Cambodia, the State east of Siam, also governed by a first and second king, and also very aquatic, and there reached, or we might say discovered, Ongcor, the ancient capital, lying on the Mekon, in about 14 deg. north lat., and 104 deg. east long. (Greenwich), one of the least visited and least explained spots of earth. The kingdom is now an unimportant section of a remote peninsula, its best provinces comprised in a worthless French colony;

* “Travels in Indo-China, Cambodia, and Laos.”
By Henri Mouhot. London: Murray.

yet this ancient capital, unnamed in good maps, like Professor Keith Johnston's or those of M. Petermann, is full of ruins which seem like the work of giants, is approached, for example, by this kind of engineer's work: "From the north staircase, which faces the principal entrance, you skirt, in order to reach the latter, a causeway 747 feet in length by 30 feet in width, covered or paved with large slabs of stone, and supported by walls of great thickness. This causeway crosses a ditch 715 feet wide, which surrounds the building; the revetment, 10 feet high by 3 1-4 feet thick, is formed of ferruginous stone, with the exception of the top row, which is of freestone, each block being of the same thickness as the wall." The description is so bald as to be almost unintelligible, but it is assisted by a sketch, and from the two we gain the idea of a temple constructed "of three distinct parts, raised on terraces one above the other," all of stone, all on the scale of Luxor, and all profusely ornamented with bas-reliefs, some of exceeding elegance. "The building forms a square each side of which is fifty-six metres, sixty centimetres, and at each angle is a tower. A central tower, larger and higher, is connected with the lateral galleries by colonnades, covered, like the galleries, with a double roof; and both galleries and colonnades are supported on a base 3 1-4 feet from the floor of the interior courts. This central tower is 150 feet from the base of the building, all stone, all profusely ornamented.

"What strikes the observer with not less admiration than the grandeur, regularity, and beauty of these majestic buildings, is the immense size and prodigious number of the blocks of stone of which they are constructed. In this temple alone are as many as 1,532 columns. What means of transport, what a multitude of workmen, must this have required, seeing that the mountain out of which the stone was hewn is thirty miles distant! In each block are to be seen holes two and a half centimetres in diameter and three in depth, the number varying with the size of the blocks; but the columns and the sculptured portions of the building bear no traces of them. According to a Cambodian legend, these are the prints of the fingers of a giant, who, after kneading an enormous quantity of clay, had cut it into blocks and carved it, turning it into a hard and, at the same time, light stone by pouring over it some marvellous liquid. All the mouldings, sculptures, and

bas-reliefs appear to have been executed after the erection of the building. The stones are everywhere fitted together in so perfect a manner that you can scarcely see where are the joinings; there is neither sign of mortar nor mark of the chisel, the surface being as polished as marble. Was this incomparable edifice the work of a single genius, who conceived the idea, and watched over the execution of it? One is tempted to think so; for no part of it is deficient, faulty, or inconsistent. To what epoch does it owe its origin? As before remarked, neither tradition nor written inscriptions furnish any certain information upon this point; or rather, I should say, these latter are a sealed book for want of an interpreter; and they may, perchance, throw light on the subject when some European *savant* shall succeed in deciphering them."

The work must either have occupied generations,—always an improbable supposition in Asia,—or it must have been executed by a sovereign having at his disposal resources infinitely exceeding those now existing in the entire peninsula. The architect can be accounted for. The phenomenon of a genius differing not only in degree but in kind from his fellow-men, surpassing them as angels might surpass Englishmen, is not unfrequent in Asia, and not quite unintelligible. Such a man once recognized would be so completely freed from all restraints, whether of convention, or creed, or humanity, or social pressure, or lack of artificers, that he would be sure to execute something which seemed superhuman in magnitude as well as ability; no European, for instance, even if he had conceived the Taj Mehal,—the Italian story is visible rubbish,—would have found either the means or the audacity to execute a work which required a subject population. But granting the architect, whence the artificers? Siam and Cambodia together could not repeat the building, Cambodia has not six millions of people, and we are driven back on that most certain yet most disheartening of theories that the races who could build structures like these could yet utterly pass away; that there are many Baalbecs; that in fact there is no security whatever visible to man for the permanence of civilization. The race who built Baalbec cannot erect a decent village; why should not the race who built the railways live one day amid the ruins they are unable to keep up? Christianity? The people who built Palmyra lived this side of

the Christian era, and Antioch was once Christian.

This temple, moreover, is no isolated building. Round and near it are others almost as great, a mountain covered with columns, an arch of towers 40 feet high, a pagoda of 37 towers, one of 135 feet high and 70 feet in diameter, connected by a maze of galleries covered with bas-reliefs, a place full of sculptured blocks and statues, a treasury of sixteen towers, all deeply carved, and all of stone. The city itself, Ongcor-Thôm, Ongcor the Great, is surrounded by a wall of sandstone, such as no contractor on earth would now undertake to build. "The outer wall is composed of blocks of ferruginous stone, and extends right and left from the entrance. It is about 24 miles square, 11 feet thick, and 22 feet high, and serves as a support to a glacis which rises almost from the top. At the four cardinal points are doors, there being two on the east side. Within this vast enclosure, now covered with an almost impen-

etrable forest, are a vast number of buildings, more or less in ruin, which testify to the ancient splendor of the town. In some places, where the heavy rains have washed away the soil, or where the natives have dug in search of treasure, may be seen immense quantities of porcelain and pottery." Who built all that? Local tradition says, "The Leprous King," and then is silent. In the year 3000, will any one know who cut the Box Tunnel? Had M. Mouhot lived, these wonderful ruins would have probably been described, as they are worth describing. As it is, we must wait for the *savan* whom Napoleon III. will one day intrust with the task of copying this glorious testimony to the progress of French arms. Meanwhile, M. Mouhot's account, to all who love to hear of the marvellous and speculate on empires which have passed away, is worth the price of his two volumes, and the labor—for it is a labor—of wading through them.

REMARKABLE EQUIVOQUES.—In a cause recently tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the plaintiff being a merchant's widow, and the defendants two medical men who had treated her for *delirium tremens*, and put her under restraint as a lunatic, witnesses were called on the part of the plaintiff, to prove that she was not addicted to drinking. One of them, a Mr. Tate, a surgeon, of Sunderland, who had been the lady's medical adviser, was asked, whether, during the time he attended her, she seemed like a person addicted to excessive drinking? "No," replied Mr. Tate, "she never presented the appearance *even of a person who drank moderately*." A laundress, more skilled in linen than in language, was also called to prove the habitual sobriety of the lady; and being asked by Mr. Huddleston, "Was she *abstemious*?" naively replied, "I never saw her so." The last witness called by Mr. Montagu Chambers, the leading counsel on the part of the plaintiff, was Dr. Tunstal, who closed his evidence by describing a case of *delirium tremens* treated by him, in which the patient recovered in a single night. "It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking, sipping all day, from morning till night." These words were scarcely uttered, than Mr. Chambers, who had examined the witness, turning to the Bench,

said, amidst roars of irrepressible laughter, "My lord, *that is my case!*"

THE CALABAR POISON BEAN (*PHYSOSTIGMA VENENOSUM*).—The seed of this plant has lately been much noticed for the medicinal properties which reside in it. The most energetic results are obtained from the kernel. These are chiefly marked upon the spinal cord, producing muscular paralysis. When applied locally to the eyeballs or eyelids, destruction of the contractility of muscular fibre and contraction of the pupil result. This property is advantageously employed by the oculist.

SOMETHING LACKING.—Hook was walking one day with his friend, Mr. F——, an artist, in the neighborhood of Kensington, when the latter, pointing out on a dead wall, an incomplete or half-effaced inscription, running, "WARREN'S B——," was puzzled at the moment for the want of the context. "'Tis *lacking* that should follow," observed Hook, in explanation.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN MR. ELIGO'S GIG.

THE church at Chewton in the Moor was, as has been said, a remarkable and beautiful building, the lofty nave and side-aisles of which were admirable specimens of the severe and yet graceful style, which ecclesiologists of a later generation than Dr. Lindisfarn have taught us to call "Early English," while the transepts, tower, and chancel evidently belonged to a still earlier period. Had it not been that certain untoward circumstances prevented the publication of Dr. Lindisfarn's elaborate and profound Monograph on the subject, I might have been able to gratify the reader with a more detailed and circumstantial description of this interesting structure than I can now pretend to lay before him. As it is, I must content myself with mentioning one specially curious feature, to the elucidation of which the learned canon had particularly applied himself, and which formed the subject of one chapter of the *Memoir*, headed, "On the remains of the ancient panelling in the passage leading to the sacristy of Chewton Church, and on certain fragments of inscriptions still legible thereon."

There was in fact at Chewton a singular little building almost detached from the church, at the end of the south transept of which it stood, and which had evidently in old times formed the sacristy, and was now known by the more Protestant sounding title of the vestry,—a thoroughly good Protestant word, though its first cousin "vestment" has a suspiciously Romish twang in the sound of it! Well, this whilom sacristy was reached from the church by a sort of corridor, which opened out of the eastern wall of the transept, and which seemed to be an unnecessarily costly means of communication, inasmuch as a door at the extreme corner of the transept would have equally effected the purpose. But those "noble boys at play," our ancestors, did not always, as we all know, practise an enlightened economy in their playing. The appearance of the detached building and of the corridor was extremely picturesque both on the inside and the outside; and was universally felt to be so by all visitors. And it does seem just possible that the aforesaid noble old boys spent their money and toil

with the express intention of producing that result.

Anyway, there was the passage, with its remains of cut-stone mouldings and various ornamentation grievously obliterated and destroyed by the layers of Protestant whitewash, which the zeal of many generations of un-æsthetic church-wardens had laid stratum over stratum upon them. And then, near the sacristy door in the right-hand wall of the passage, going toward that apartment, there were still visible through these coatings of a purer faith the ornamented cornices and mouldings of a small but very beautiful arch, which seemed too low to have ever been intended for a doorway. And beneath this arch, there were certain remains of panelling, partially, and indeed almost entirely whitewashed over, on which the greedily prying eyes of the learned canon had detected, in certain spots, where the whitewash had been rubbed off, those fragments of ancient inscriptions, alluded to in the heading to that chapter of the *Monograph* which has been quoted. The rubbing off of the whitewash had been very partial and irregular but enough of the ancient woodwork beneath it had been uncovered to permit certain remains of painting to be seen, and especially the letters TANTI VI TANTI AI TAN in an extremely rude and archaic character!

It was known among the Sillshire archæologists, that Dr. Lindisfarn had expended an immense amount of erudition in the elucidation of these mysterious syllables, and had constructed on the somewhat slender scaffolding poles thus furnished him a vast fabric of theory and conjecture, embracing various curious points in the social and ecclesiastical history and manners of the English clergy during the reigns immediately following the Norman invasion; and a very great treat was expected to result from his labors. It was evident that something was lost between the adjective "tanti" and the substantive "vi"! They could not be joined in lawful syntax together! And what could the missing word or words have been? The learned Sillshire world was on the tiptoe of expectation.

More than once already had the doctor strained his eyes to descry if possible the very faintest outline or smallest portion of a

letter in the space, which separated those given above; but all in vain! And now he proposed profiting by the trip proposed to him by Mr. Slowcome, to take the opportunity of bringing the younger eyes of the gentleman who was to be his companion to bear upon the subject.

For Mr. Sligo was, it must be understood, quite a young man, and was supposed, indeed, by most of those who knew him, to be able to see as far into a millstone as most men. He was in all respects a very different man from his senior partner, Mr. Slowcome. In contradiction to what had been the practice of the firm for several generations, young Sligo had been educated for his profession, not in the paternal office in Silverton, but in London; and indeed, had only come down to the western metropolis when the sudden death of his father, old Sligo, had opened to him the inheritance of a share in the old-established firm.

Mr. Slowcome did not altogether like young Mr. Sligo. One understands that such should be the case. I believe that old Slow had more real knowledge of law in his pigtail than Sligo had in his whole body. Nevertheless, the younger man came down from London with airs and pretensions of new-fangled enlightenment, and was full of modern instances, and an offensive "*nous-avons-changé-tout-cela*" sort of assumption of superiority, which the greater part—including all the younger portion—of the provincial world were disposed to accept as good currency. Then young Sligo was very rapid; and old Slowcome was very slow; and there were other points of contrast, too marked to escape either the Silvertonians or the partners themselves. Young Mr. Sligo, however, proved himself an efficient and useful member of the firm, keen, active, and intelligent. He was, moreover, "Young Sligo" the son of "Old Sligo;" and that was all in all to Mr. Slowcome. So, though the two men were as different in all respects as any two men could be, they got on pretty well together.

Old Slowcome was admitted to the society of the clergy in the Close, and of the squirearchy in the neighborhood on tolerably equal terms; but this standing had hardly yet been accorded to Mr. Sligo. So that he was all but a stranger to Dr. Lindisfarn when he waited upon the canon immediately

after breakfast on the morning subsequent to the conversation between that gentleman and Mr. Slowcome, according to the arrangement which had been made between them.

Mr. Sligo had a very neat gig and a spanking, fast-trotting mare; and his offer of driving Dr. Lindisfarn over to Chewton had been willingly accepted by the doctor. The road by which Chewton could be reached in this manner was, for the latter half of it, a different and a somewhat longer one than that by which Dr. Blakistry had ridden across the moor, the track which he had followed being altogether impossible for wheels.

"I confess, Dr. Lindisfarn," said Sligo to his companion, after they had quitted Silverton, and had exchanged a few remarks on the beauty of the morning, the qualities of Mr. Sligo's fast-trotting mare, etc.,—"I confess that I have hopes of the result of our investigations to-day."

"I am truly delighted to hear you say so!" replied Dr. Lindisfarn.

"I have, indeed; and it is very gratifying to feel that all the parties are of one mind in the matter."

"Oh! there is no doubt of that. All the county are anxious about it."

"No doubt,—no doubt. Our investigation will be a delicate one," added Mr. Sligo, after a short pause.

"Oh, excessively so; you can have no idea to what a degree that is the case!" cried the doctor, with great animation; "the traces are so slight!"—

"They are so, that must be admitted; they are very slight certainly. Nevertheless, to a sharp and practised eye, Dr. Lindisfarn, if you will not think it presumptuous of me to say so, there are certain appearances which"—

"Indeed! you don't say so!" exclaimed Dr. Lindisfarn, hardly more delighted than surprised; "I was not aware, Mr. Sligo, that you had ever turned your attention to investigations of this character."

"Turned my attention? Why, if you will excuse my saying so, Dr. Lindisfarn, I flatter myself that matters of this sort are my speciality."

"You don't say so! I am truly delighted to hear it. We shall be rejoiced to welcome you among us as a fellow-laborer, Mr. Sligo."

"Any assistance I may be able to give, in

any stage of the business, I shall be proud and happy to afford. I am sure, Dr. Lindisfarn," replied the lawyer, rather surprised at the warmth of his companion's expressions of gratitude.

"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr. Sligo," returned the doctor, drawing up a little; for the young lawyer's proposal of meddling with any other stage of the case had instantly alarmed his antiquarian jealousy, and he began to suspect a plot for robbing him of a portion of the credit of his discovery,—“you are very kind, but I think I shall not need to trespass on your kindness in respect to any part of the matter, with the exception of the researches to be made to-day.”

“Oh, indeed, Dr. Lindisfarn! You are the best judge. I may say, however, that when I was with Draper and Duster, all the work of this kind there was to be done passed through my hands. But you know best, sir.”

“Draper and Duster,—I do not remember either of the names. Are they members of the Society?” asked Dr. Lindisfarn, much puzzled.

“Yes, sir, they are. Gray's Inn. One of the first houses in London.”

“I don't think I quite follow you, Mr. Sligo. I have heard of Gray's Inn, as a place of abode for gentlemen of your profession. But though I believe I know most of the distinguished men who cultivate our delightful science, I do not think that I ever heard of the antiquaries you mention.”

“Well, sir,—they do cultivate the delightful science, as you are complimentary enough to call it,—not a little. But I never said that they were antiquaries; and I don't much see what that has to do with the matter.”

“Then I am afraid, Mr. Sligo, that we shall differ *totum in celo* on the most fundamental notions of the spirit in which the pursuit should be taken up and conducted,” said the doctor, very sententiously, “unless the light of profound erudition and scholarship be brought to bear upon these investigations, they sink to the rank of mere twaddling and trifling.”

Mr. Sligo faced round in the gig at this, and looked at the senior canon with a sharp and shrewd eye, as in doubt whether the oddness he had heard of in Dr. Lindisfarn, did not extend to the length of what he called, in common phrase, not canons of ca-

thedral churches, stark, staring lunacy. He saw the old gentleman's florid and clean-shaven face was a little flushed,—for the doctor had been speaking with the energy of profound conviction on a point that touched him nearly,—and he therefore answered in a very mild voice.

“It would not become me to differ with you on the subject, Dr. Lindisfarn; far from it. No doubt you are right. I dare say what we have got to do to-day *may* seem twaddling and trifling to a gentleman like you; but I can assure you that it is only by such twaddling and trifling that we have any chance of saving the Lindisfarn property from going to an illegitimate brat.”

“Saving the Lindisfarn property! Bless my heart, Mr. Sligo, I was not thinking anything about the Lindisfarn property.”

“Then what, in the name of Heaven—I beg your pardon, Dr. Lindisfarn—but what, if you please, have we been talking about all this time?”

“Talking about, Mr. Sligo? Why, about the partially defaced inscription in the sacristy, to be sure. What else should we have been talking about?”

“Oh, dear, dear me. There is a case of mistaken identity now. Why, if you will believe me, Dr. Lindisfarn, I was speaking, and thought you were speaking, all the time about the search for the missing register that we are going to make at Chewton.”

“I was mistaken then in supposing that you are interested in antiquarian investigations, Mr. Sligo?” said the old man, much disappointed.

“I am afraid so, sir,” said Sligo.

“And you never have paid any attention to the deciphering of ancient inscriptions?”

“Not that I am aware of, sir.”

Dr. Lindisfarn heaved a deep sigh, but was nevertheless somewhat comforted by the reflection that he was in no danger of being robbed by a rival, if he had no chance of assistance from a brother.

“Nevertheless,” he said, “it may be that you might be able to descry with your young eyes what my old ones, though aided by, perhaps I may be allowed to say, no incompetent amount of study, have failed to make out. I will show you the spot, and perhaps you will try if you can discover any further remains of letters.”

“With all the pleasure in life, Dr. Lin-

disfarn ; and you shall assist me with your authority as rector, and your acquaintance with the late curate's character and ways. I am told he was a very queer one."

"The fact is, I am ashamed to say, Mr. Sligo, that I knew very little about him ; less, perhaps, than I ought to have done. I found him there when I succeeded to the living, which had previously been held by old Dean Burder. He was quite one of the old school, I take it."

"Ah ! not very regular in his ways, nor quite up to the mark, I suppose. I believe Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn knew him well ?"

"Yes. I fancy Mr. Mat and poor Mellish used to be rather cronies in those old times. Mellish was very musical, and that was enough for Mr. Mat."

"Oh, musical, was he ? But he was a little too fond of this sort of thing, was he not ?" said Mr. Sligo, raising his elbow in a significant manner.

"Ah, too fond of his glass of wine, you mean, Mr. Sligo ? Well, it was said so. I am afraid to a certain degree it was so. We all have our failings, Mr. Sligo."

"Too true, Dr. Lindisfarn. I am not the man to forget it. I only ask these things because they may have a bearing on our present business. Under the circumstances, I suppose that some degree, perhaps a considerable amount, of irregularity in church matters may have prevailed in his parish ?"

"It may have been so. There were never any complaints, however. He certainly was very popular in the parish. The people were very much attached to him."

"Did he inhabit the parsonage-house at Chewton ?" asked the lawyer.

"There is no parsonage-house, unfortunately, nor has there been one for several generations. When the old house fell down in one of the great storms that often sweep this moorland district, it was never rebuilt."

"Are you aware where the late curate did live then, sir ?" asked Mr. Sligo.

"For many years, for all the latter part of his life,—indeed, during all the time that he held the curacy under me,—he lodged at the house of the parish clerk, a man of the name of Mallory, a very decent sort of a person, I fancy."

"O—h ! the late curate lived in the house of Mr. Jared Mallory, did he ?" rejoined Mr. Sligo, with a special expression of voice

and feature, that was quite lost on Dr. Lindisfarn.

"Yes, it was convenient in many ways. Mallory lived in a good house of his own, larger than he needed ; and it was near the church."

"And perhaps all the farther from—you know the saying, Dr. Lindisfarn, and, will excuse me for being reminded of it on this occasion," said the lawyer.

"No. I am not aware of any such popular saw or saying !" replied Dr. Lindisfarn. "But the fact was that it was convenient for him also to be in the same house with the parish clerk, you understand."

"I see, sir,—I see ! many years under this Mallory's roof ; a man of that sort necessarily falls under the influence of those about him,—parish clerk especially ; I see,—I see ! I suppose this is Chewton, down in the hollow here in front of us, sir ?"

"Yes, here we are ; this is Chewton, but you don't get so good a first view of the church coming this way, as by the other road over the moor."

"I suppose our plan will be to drive direct to the clerk's house, sir ? Do you know which it is ?"

"Oh, yes ; follow down the main street of the village straight on ; the church is a little to the left at the further end ; and Mallory's is near the bottom of the street on the left-hand side."

So Mr. Sligo drew his fast-trotting mare and smart gig sharply up to the door of the stone house with the iron rail in front of it ; and rather unceremoniously throwing the reins to Dr. Lindisfarn, and saying shortly, "I will announce you, sir," sprung from the gig, almost before it had stopped, and dashed precipitately into the house, without any ceremony of knocking or asking leave, whatever.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY FARNLEIGH RETURNS TO SILLSHIRE.

MARGARET waited at the little door leading from the canon's garden into the Castle Head Lane till the cathedral clock chimed the half-hour past six.

It was a raw night, and her bodily condition at the end of that half-hour was not a pleasant one. But her sufferings from that cause were as nothing—absolutely nothing—to the mental torture she endured during at least the latter half of those never by her to

be forgotten thirty minutes. Nothing but her own very strong reason for wishing that the proposed elopement should be carried into effect could have induced her to swallow her bitter burning indignation so long, and force herself to take yet a little more patience. We know how important it was to all her hopes that the thing should come off; and very, very cruel was the gradual growth during those minutes of misgiving into despairing conviction that it was not to be. For the first ten minutes, she was very angry with her lover for his ungallant want of punctuality. And as she stood with her ear on the stretch, she kept rehearsing to herself the eloquent upbraiding with which she promised herself to punish his misdemeanor. During the second ten minutes, anxiety was gradually growing into dread; and during the last ten, she was suffering from the sickening, despairing certainty that all was lost.

Still, the true cause of the miscarriage of her hopes and plans never occurred to her. There was no possibility apparent to her by which the fatal news could have yet reached her lover's ear; that fatal news which she had all that month past concealed in her heart with a fortitude analogous to that of the Spartan boy, who held the fox beneath his cloak, while he gnawed his vitals. Among all the conjecturings which chased each other tumultuously through her mind during the whole of that night, therefore, the real nature of her misfortune never unveiled itself to her in its full extent.

She stole back to the house as the half-hour struck, shivering without and burning with shame and indignation within; and succeeded in elinking up to her room without having been seen. It did not very much signify to her; for if she had chanced to meet Elizabeth on the stairs, she would merely have said that, finding her head very bad, she had gone down to see whether the cool, fresh air of the garden would do it any good.

The next morning, her looks, when she descended to her uncle's breakfast-room, vouched abundantly for the truth of her statement respecting her headache.

Then in the course of the morning came Mr. Slowcome on his return from the Chase, with the great news; to the communication of which she listened, as has been said, with

all propriety. Then the causes of the disappointment of the previous evening became intelligible to her. She had at least very little doubt upon the subject. The truth was known to Mr. Slowcome yesterday. There was very little room to doubt that Falconer had heard it from him, and had thereupon abandoned the projected elopement and the marriage together.

That Falconer should, on learning the real state of the case, give up all idea of the marriage, seemed to her so much a matter of course, and was so wholly conformable to the line of conduct which she would have pursued herself in similar circumstances, that she could not, in her heart, blame him for it. Nor did she pretend to herself that she did so. But it was the manner of the thing. To leave her there, exposed to all the inconveniences, the risks, the mortifications, the uncertainty. It was brutal, it was cowardly, it was ungentlemanlike, it was unmanly. And Falconer's conduct assuredly was all this. And if the gentle and lovely Margaret had had power to give effect to the promptings of her heart, it would have been well that day for Frederick Falconer, if he could have changed lots with the most miserable wretch that crawled the earth.

The next day,—that on which Mr. Sligo drove Dr. Lindisfarn over to Chewton, as has been narrated,—Margaret returned to the Chase. She would have given much to have escaped from the necessity of doing so and of meeting Kate under the circumstances; but there was no possibility of avoiding it. It was too obviously natural that her father should wish to speak with her; and in fact the intimation that she had better return home came to her from him. Mr. Mat came for her in the gig, soon after the doctor and Mr. Sligo had started on their excursion.

"'Tis a bad business,—a cruel bad business," said Mr. Mat, feeling deep sympathy with Margaret on this occasion, though there was generally so little of liking between them, but though very sincerely feeling it, finding himself much at a loss to express it. Mr. Mat could not be considered an eloquent man, certainly, yet he had found no difficulty in speaking out what was in his heart to Kate on this occasion. It was different with Margaret: "A bad business; and I don't know what I wouldn't ha' done sooner than it should

have happened, Miss Margaret. Still, when all is said and done, money is not everything in this world, Miss Margaret, and"—

"I am aware, Mr. Mat," replied the young lady, with tragic resignation, "that virtue alone is of real value, or can confer real happiness in this world."

Mr. Mat gave her a queer, furtive look out of the tail of his shrewd black eye; but he only said, "Ay, to be sure, and with such looks as yours, too"—

"Beauty is but a fleeting flower," said Margaret, in very bad humor, but still minded as usual to play her part correctly, and say the proper things to be said.

"But 'tis the sweetest flower that blows while it does last," said the gallant Mr. Mat.

"I have ever been taught to set but small store by it," sighed Margaret; and then there was a long pause in their conversation, which lasted till Mr. Mat began to walk his horse up the steepest part of the hill, going up from the Ivy Bridge to the Lindisfarn lodges.

"I don't believe it; I wont and can't believe it," he then said, as the result of his meditations.

"Believe what, Mr. Mat?" asked Margaret.

"Believe that the child they want to set up as the heir is your Cousin Julian's lawful son, Miss Margaret."

"You don't say so, Mr. Mat?" cried Margaret, in a very different tone of voice from that in which she had before spoken.

"I *du*," said Mr. Mat, very decisively; "but not believing is one thing, mind you, and finding out is another."

"What do you think is the truth, then, Mr. Mat?" said Margaret, in a more kindly tone than she had ever before used to her companion.

"I don't know; but I zem there's a screw loose somewhere; I don't believe 'tis all right."

"Oh, Mr. Mat! do you think it would be possible to find it out?"

"Ah, that's the thing; they are 'cute chaps; and that fellow Jared Mallory, the attorney, is a regular bad 'un. But maybe the play is not all played out yet. Here we are, Miss Margaret; and welcome home to the old place!"

Kate was on the steps waiting to meet her

sister, and seized her in her arms as she got down from the gig.

"Come up-stairs, dear. Papa is out about the place somewhere. He will see you before dinner."

Margaret kissed her sister somewhat stiffly and ungraciously, and proceeded to follow her up the stairs in silence. When they were together in Kate's room, the latter said,—

"You know, I suppose, Margaret, how the news came out. You are aware that it was communicated to Mr. Slowcome, and he came up here to tell us yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, I know it all!" said Margaret.

"And—and—yourself—your own affairs?" hesitated Kate, whose great anxiety on her sister's behalf would not let her be silent, though she felt a difficulty in asking for explanations which, according to her own feelings, should have come so spontaneously from sister to sister.

"Everything is broken off between me and Mr. Falconer, Kate, if that is what you are alluding to,—broken off now and forever, whatever may be the result of the doubts that have arisen."

"Doubts that have arisen, dear Margaret? I fear the nature of the case has not been fully explained to you. Alas! there are no doubts about the matter."

"I have spoken with the lawyer myself, Kate, and prefer to trust to my own impressions," said Margaret, whose sole idea that there might be any doubt about the matter arose from the words which had dropped from Mr. Mat in the gig.

"I fear that you are deluding yourself with a baseless hope, Margaret," said Kate, shaking her head sadly. "But I know that the change in our position has not been the worst unhappiness you have had to struggle with, dearest Margaret; and my heart has been very heavy for you; for I feared,—I feared, Margaret, as I told you, that he was not worthy of the great faith and trust you placed in him."

"Mr. Falconer has behaved very badly. It would be agreeable to me never, if that were possible, to hear his name again. I hope, at all events, not to have to hear it from you, Kate!" And it was clear that Margaret intended that the whole topic of

her engagement should be closed and walled up between her and Kate.

"It was a very great shock to poor papa at first," said Kate; "and it was very painful to me, as you may suppose, to be obliged to conceal from him that I had known it all along; but there was no help for it. But the worst is not over, Margaret; Lady Farnleigh is coming home in a day or two; and I do dread the having a concealment between her and me. It is a great, great comfort that she is coming home,—a comfort that I have been longing for these many weeks. And now the happiness of seeing her is almost all spoilt by the necessity of keeping this miserable secret from her knowledge. And it is not so easy a matter, let me tell you, Margaret, to keep a secret from god-mamma as it is from dear old Noll."

"You don't mean to say, Kate, that you are going to break your promise, and betray me! You are not going to put it into the power of that woman to ruin me!"

"Margaret, Margaret—that woman! and ruin you! For Heaven's sake, do not speak in such a way; and worse still, have such thoughts in your heart."

"That's all nonsense, Kate; Lady Farnleigh is not my godmother. It is plain enough to see that she detests me, I saw that clearly the first day I came here; I saw her jealousy for her favorite—as if it were my fault that—I tell you she hates me; and it would be delightful to her to have it in her power to twit and expose me, and—I had rather die than that Lady Farnleigh, of all the people in the world, should know—all about it! I had rather die!" repeated Margaret, with a flash of her eyes that perfectly startled her sister.

On the next day but one to that on which this conversation passed between the two sisters, Lady Farnleigh returned to Wanstrow, and showed her impatience to see her darling Kate under the unhappy circumstances that had fallen upon her by driving over to Lindisfarn that same evening. She arrived at the Chase in time for dinner, but during that meal, of course, nothing was said of the subject that was uppermost in all their hearts.

After dinner, as the ladies were crossing the hall to the drawing-room, Lady Farnleigh made a sign to Kate to let Miss Immy and Margaret go on to the drawing-room, and to escape up-stairs with her to her room.

It was not an unprecedented escapade of her ladyship's.

"And now tell me all about it, my dear, dear girl—my poor dear Kate! Has it hit your father very hard?"

"It was a hard blow at first,—very hard. But you know my dear father,—dear old Noll! You know his cheery, hearty nature. Sorrow cannot stick to him; it runs off like water off a duck's back; his genial strong nature turns it. Nevertheless, I am sure he has felt it deeply; if he could only have known the truth earlier in life, he says. Poor dear, dear Noll! And I cannot say all that I would to comfort him, you see, because the misfortune hits poor Margaret more severely than it does me. Thanks to a certain good fairy that stood by at my christening, you know, I am sufficiently well provided for," said Kate, creeping close up to her godmother's side.

"Sufficiently provided for! You know very little, my poor child, of what pounds, shillings, and pence can do, and what they can't. If you mean that you need never come upon the parish, as far as that goes you may probably be easy. You want but little here below, and all the rest of it, I dare say. But Birdie wants her coats, and plenty of them, and a good groom to wait on her. It is all very fine talking, Kate, and the headings to the copybooks may say what they please; but poverty is a bitter thing to those who have to make acquaintance with it for the first time in the midst of a life of ease and abundance."

"Well, you are a Job's comforter, you bad fairy, I must say," cried Kate, laughing.

"I don't like it, Kate, and I can't pretend to say that I do. It is a great misfortune, and there is no wisdom in pretending to ourselves that it is not so."

"I have still so much to be thankful for,—so much that *ought* to make happiness," said Kate, with rather suspicious emphasis on the word "*ought*."

"Yes, that is all very pretty spoken, and proper—and it's true, indeed—which is more than could be said for all pretty and proper speeches. But now, goddaughter, we have got to discuss another chapter. Yes, you know what is coming, Miss Kate; I see your guilt in your face. How dare you take advantage of my back being turned to break my dear friend's heart?"

Kate looked up into Lady Farnleigh's face with an expression that caused her at once to change her tone.

"If I try to laugh, my own darling, it is to save crying," she said, putting her arm around Kate's neck, and pressing the gracious drooping head against her bosom; for they had been standing side by side in front of the low fire in Kate's room. What is it, my Kate? Tell me all that there is in this dear, good, honest heart, which I feel beating, beating, as if it would burst. Tell me all about it, my own child."

It was true enough, as Lady Farnleigh said, that Kate's agitation was becoming more and more painful, as her friend spoke. Her bosom rose and fell with long-drawn sighs, that, despite her utmost efforts to suppress them, gradually became sobs. Slowly the great clear tear-drops which had been gathering in her eyes beneath the downcast lids brimmed over, and rolled down her pale cheeks, till suddenly flinging herself into a chair by her side, she fell into such a storm of hysterical weeping that Lady Farnleigh became at once convinced, not without astonishment, that there was something more than the patent circumstances of the case could account for, to occasion so violent and so painful an emotion. For violence of emotion, hysterics, and the like, and even tears, were quite out of Kate's usual way. It was very evident to Lady Farnleigh, as she looked on the convulsed face and bosom of her dearly loved godechild, with sympathizing sorrow and almost with alarm expressed in her own face, that there was some serious cause for grief here, beyond those of which she was cognizant.

She had heard in a few short lines from Captain Ellingham of his rejection, and of the change of station which he had under happier circumstances looked forward to as such a misfortune, but which he was now disposed to consider as a most lucky escape from scenes and associations which had become intolerable to him. She had heard this, and had heard it with some surprise and a little vexation, but had flattered herself that some of the many misunderstandings, or shynesses, or cross-purposes, which are so apt to interfere with the precise intercommunication of people's sentiments and purposes in such matters, would be found to have caused

all the mischief, and a little judicious inter-mediation would put it all right. But now the fearful state of agitation into which Kate had been thrown by the mere mention of the subject, showed her that it was no mere affair of girlish coyness, or even of the rejection of a suitor whom she could not love. There was something else,—something more than all this; and influenced by the purest and truest desire to find the means of comfort for so great a sorrow, she determined to get to the bottom of the matter in some way.

But it was evident that the heart wound was not at that moment in a state to endure the probe, even in the tenderest hands. So she applied herself to soothing the weeping girl as well as she could, without any attempt to continue the subject.

"You have been too much shaken, my poor Kate, by all these things; we will not speak now on painful subjects. Hereafter, when you are calmer, and your spirits have recovered their usual tone,—hereafter you shall tell me all you can feel a comfort in telling."

"Indeed, indeed, godmamma, I have no wish to have secrets from you! I—I"—and hiding her face on Lady Farnleigh's shoulder, she burst anew into a passion of tears.

"There, there, my darling, we will speak no more of it now; another time, another time. There, my Kate, your tears will have done you good; there, you will be calmer now, my child!" and Lady Farnleigh soothed her on her bosom as she spoke, as a nurse soothes a suffering infant.

After a little while, Kate became calmer; and, having dried her tears, but with a still quivering lip, said to her friend,—

"But you know, dearest godmamma, that it was all for the best; what should we have done, think, if Captain Ellingham had been accepted by me, when he supposed that I possessed fortune enough for all our requirements, and then?"

"Do you imagine, Kate, that Ellingham proposed to you because you were an heiress?"

"No, no, that I am sure, quite sure, he did not," replied Kate, with an energy which Lady Farnleigh marked, and made a note of in her mind.

"Well, then?" said she.

"But that is a very different thing from

proposing to a girl supposed to be a large heiress, and then finding that she has nothing."

"Yes, it is different. It would be fair in such a case to give back to a man his entire liberty,—fair too to hold him blameless if he availed himself of it to retire from a position he never intended to occupy."

"But it would be very unfair," exclaimed Kate, "to expose a man to such a painful ordeal."

"Very unfair; but you are talking nonsense, Kate, dear. Such unfairness as you speak of would imply that the lady was aware of the mistake respecting her fortune. Of course, no good girl would be guilty of such conduct as that. But what has that to do with the present case?"

"I only said, dear godmamma, that it was all for the best as it turned out, since Captain Ellingham had no intention of proposing to a girl who had nothing to help toward the expenses of a home."

"That, my dear Kate, is a matter for Captain Ellingham's consideration; and what his sentiments upon that point are, you have no means of knowing."

"I do know, at all events, that he does not imagine that I refused him because I had, or was supposed to have, much more money than he had. I do know that, for he told me so in the most noble and generous manner; and it is a great, great comfort," said Kate, and the now silent tears began to drop anew.

Lady Farnleigh observed the emotion which the mention of this circumstance caused Kate, and added a memorandum of it to the note she had already taken.

"If, indeed, you had known of the strange circumstances which have come to light and have so materially altered your prospects, at the time you rejected Ellingham's offer, it would all have been intelligible enough; and it would have been for him to renew his suit under the changed circumstances of the case, or not, as he might think fit; but that was not the case. If he were now to do so, it would be insulting to suppose that you might accept a man in your poverty whom you had rejected in your wealth."

"Oh, Lady Farnleigh, the bare thought is hideous," cried Kate, seeming to shrink bodily, as from a stab, while she spoke,—
"hideous; and Captain Ellingham is inca-

pable of conceiving such an idea. He will never repeat his offer. As you say, it would be offensive to me to do so,—in a manner in which it is impossible that he should offend."

Again Lady Farnleigh silently added another note to her mental tablets.

"And what is all this about your sister Margaret?" continued she, willing to lead Kate's mind away, for the nonce, from the subject of her own affairs. "I hear that she was engaged to Mr. Falconer; and what is to become of that engagement now?"

"It is all true, godmamma, too true. She *was* engaged to Mr. Falconer. Papa had given his consent, and the settlements were being made out. But it is all broken off now."

"Oh, it's all off now. And how long had it been on, pray?"

"It is a little more than a month since she accepted him, I think," replied Kate, remembering vividly enough that miserable and memorable day so soon after that interview with her cousin in the cottage at Deep Creek.

"A month ago, was it?" said Lady Farnleigh, musing.

"Yes, about a month ago. But we have seen very little of it all up here at the Chase. Margaret has been almost constantly down in Silverton with Lady Sempronia and my uncle."

"And when did the break-off take place?"

"Oh, just the other day."

"On the news of this unlucky discovery about the property, of course?"

"I presume so, of course. But Margaret is not communicative about it. She does not like speaking on the subject, naturally enough."

"And what did the gentleman say for himself? How well I judged that man, Kate!"

"I have no idea how it was brought about, or what passed. I know that Margaret considers herself to have been very ill-treated. She said briefly that all was off between them, and that she wished she could never hear his name again."

"So, so, so, so. Well, my dear, I dare say she *has* been ill-treated. My notion is, that Master Fred is a man to behave ill in such circumstances. There are more ways than one of doing a thing. But still it is right to bear in mind what we were saying

just now, you know, of the unfairness of holding a man to an engagement made under very different circumstances."

"Of course, godmamma. I don't know at all how matters passed between Margaret and Mr. Falconer. The making of the engagement and the breaking of it were both done down in the Close."

"Unreasonable to expect that a man should consider himself bound by such an engagement under such circumstances," continued Lady Farnleigh, more as if she were talking to herself than to her companion, "and yet a man must be a great cur; I dare say Mr. Frederick Falconer did it very brutally. At all events, he lost no time about it. What day was it that the facts about this new claim were known?"

"Mr. Slowcome came up here to papa, on the Thursday morning. It must have been known to everybody in the course of that day. Mr. Falconer may have heard of it even on the previous evening."

"And *when* did you say the break-off between them took place?"

"I only know that when Margaret came home on the Saturday, she told me that it was all off."

"From the Thursday morning to the Friday night; that was the time he had to do it in. Upon my word, Master Freddy must have shown himself worthy of the occasion! Why, he must have jammed his helm hard up, and laid his vessel on her beam ends at the very first sight of the breakers ahead."

"He certainly could not have lost much time in making up his mind about it," Kate admitted.

"And what had I better say to her on the subject?" said Lady Farnleigh, after a short pause, during which she had been thinking over the circumstances of this broken match, as far as they were patent to her, with a resulting estimate of the actors in the little drama not very favorable to either of them.

"Well, I am sure Margaret would be best pleased by your saying nothing at all."

"Then nothing at all will I say; I am sure there is nothing agreeable or useful to be said; and I have no wish to pain or annoy her. And now I suppose, my pet, that we must go down into the drawing-room. Your father and Mr. Mat will have come in from their wine by this time; and I want to have a little chat with Mr. Mat. I suppose Mar-

garet won't think me a brute for saying no word of condolence to her, respecting the mangled condition of her heart."

"Now, godmamma, I must not let you be savage and spiteful about poor Margaret," said Kate, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"I am sure she must have suffered."

"Well! I won't be savage and spiteful; *au contraire*, you unreasonable Kate, was I not debating with myself whether or no it would be more civil to attempt any binding up of her wounds by my condolences? But I suppose not; I do not think it is a case for my surgery; I am sure I wish to be civil, not spiteful. But—there! I don't want to meddle with it. But if you were to hang and quarter me, my dear, I cannot be sympathetic and tearful over the loves of Miss Margaret and Mr. Frederick, whether the course of them runs smooth or crosswise."

So Kate and her fairy godmother went down into the drawing-room; where they found the squire fast asleep in his favorite corner of the fireplace; Miss Immy sitting bolt upright in a small chair at the table, tranquilly reading her "*Clarissa Harlowe*," with a pair of candles immediately in front of her; Mr. Mat busily engaged in weaving the meshes of a landing-net, at a table by himself in the further part of the room, silently whistling a tune over his work,—if the phrase is a permissible one for the description of a performance which consisted, as far as outward manifestations went, only of the movement of the lips and eyebrows—and Miss Margaret half reclining elegantly on a sofa, unoccupied save in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Her attitude was unexceptionable, and her occupation very pardonable. Nevertheless, some hidden consciousness or other made her spring up and reseal herself in a primmer fashion, as the door opened and Lady Farnleigh and her sister came in.

"I was afraid Mr. Banting would have brought the tea in, Miss Immy, and that you would have waited for us," said Lady Farnleigh.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Immy, as if her guest had suggested the most absurd impossibility; "it wants five minutes to teatime yet."

"Indeed! Well, I shall spend these five minutes in a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Mat, over there at his separate establishment, and try

whether I can't make him miss a mesh at least once in every minute."

"Not you, Lady Farnleigh," said Mr. Mat. But, nevertheless, it might have been observed that Mr. Mat's netting made but very little progress from that time till the tea was brought.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LADY FARNLEIGH CATCHES AN IDEA.

LADY FARNLEIGH slept at the Chase that night, as she usually did on the occasion of her visits. She had, also, as her wont was, ridden over from Wanstrow, sending what she needed for her stay at the Chase through Silverton, and retaining her own horse at Lindisfarn, but sending back to Wanstrow the groom who had ridden behind her. At breakfast the next morning she said,—

"I hope you have not forgotten your promise, Mr. Mat. Mr. Mat and I are going to ride into Silverton this morning. It is not very civil, is it, Kate, to run off and leave you in such a fashion the first morning? But I can't help it. I have all sorts of things to do, and people to see, so that there would be no pleasant ride to be got. We will have a good gallop together to-morrow, Katie dear. But to-day I invite only Mr. Mat to ride with me, because there will be nothing but what is disagreeable to be done."

"Always ready for the worst that can happen in your ladyship's company," said Mr. Mat.

Margaret glanced up at Lady Farnleigh's face with a sharp, uneasy look, as the latter had spoken of the various things she had to do and people to see in Silverton; but she quickly dropped her eyes again on her breakfast plate, and did not say anything. As soon, however, as Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat had, almost immediately after breakfast, mounted their horses and ridden away towards the lodge on the road to Silverton, and the squire had somewhat listlessly sauntered back into his study, and Miss Immy had bustled off to her domestic cares, Margaret said to her sister,—

"I wonder, Kate, that your favorite god-mamma did not invite you to ride with her; it is so long since you have had a ride together."

"Yes, and I should have liked a good gallop over the common towards Weston well enough," said Kate; "but you heard her

say that she had several people to see in Silverton."

"I wonder who it is she has gone to see?" rejoined Margaret, after a pause.

"How should I know? She has a great many friends in Silverton, and business people to see besides, very likely."

"But all her friends are acquaintances of yours. Why should she not have taken you with her?" persisted Margaret.

"She would easily guess that I am not much in a humor for visiting," returned Kate, "as in good truth I am not."

"I wonder why she took Mr. Mat with her?" still continued Margaret, pondering, and evidently not at all satisfied with Kate's answers. "Will she call in the Close, do you suppose, Kate?"

"Very likely. She did not say anything to me about it," answered Kate, carelessly.

"Did you observe how closely she and Mr. Mat were talking together last night in the drawing-room?" said Margaret, still, as it seemed, uneasy about the visit to Silverton.

"Not particularly. But it is very likely. They are very old friends and allies, my god-mamma and Mr. Mat."

"Yes; but I am sure they were planning something about what they are gone to Silverton for this morning!" said Margaret.

"Nothing more likely. But what in the world have you got into your head, Margaret, about Lady Farnleigh's ride to Silverton?"

"Oh, I know what I know, and I think what I think. I've a notion that she is gone to plot and plan, or meddle, or make in some way about our affairs. And however much you may like that, Kate, I don't like it. I don't like her, as you well know; and I don't at all want her to interfere with any affairs of mine."

"Why, how should she interfere, Margaret? I can't guess what you are thinking of," said Kate, much surprised; "and I am so sorry, more sorry than you can think," she added, "that you have taken such an unreasonable dislike to my dear, dear godmother. You may depend on it, Margaret, that we have not a better friend in the world than Lady Farnleigh."

"That is to say, she is *your* friend," returned Margaret, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun.

"My friend, and your friend, and Noll's friend, and the dearest friend our mother had in the world, Margaret!"

"That's all very well, Kate, for you. But I like choosing my friends for myself," said Margaret.

Meanwhile Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat were walking their horses leisurely down the road that led toward the Ivy Bridge.

"This is a very sad affair, Mr. Mat. Do you think the squire feels it very deeply?" said her ladyship.

"It is the worst piece of business that ever happened at Lindisfarn, Lady Farnleigh. The squire—God bless him!—is one of those who think that care killed a cat; and he will none on't. But he feels it,—he feels it for all that, you may depend on it."

"And my darling Kate! she is not like herself,—neither mind nor body. Do you think, Mr. Mat, that she is fretting about it? I should not have thought that it would have affected her so deeply."

"Not a bit of it, Lady Farnleigh. Kate's not a-fretting after the acres. That's another bad matter,—another and not the same."

"How another—what other?" said Lady Farnleigh, who, having been obliged to quit the subject of Ellingham's offer to Kate, in the manner that has been seen, had failed to learn whether the fact had become known to any of the members of the family, and was anxious to ascertain this point.

"Ah! that's the question," said Mr. Mat, with a deep sigh,—“that's just what I should thank anybody to tell me. I don't suppose there's been a day for the last fortnight that the squire and I have not talked it over after dinner. Squire's a deal more down in the mouth about Kate than he is about the property. As you say, Lady Farnleigh, she is noways like the same girl she used to be. Body or mind, be it which it may, or both, she is amiss, and far amiss somehow.”

"It is some time, then, that she has been in the state she is?" asked Lady Farnleigh.

"Yes, a spell now,—ever since that silly business of a match between Miss Margaret and Freddy Falconer, ugh!" granted Mr. Mat, with an expression of infinite disgust.

"Ever since the announcement of her sister's engagement," said Lady Farnleigh, musingly. "It has clearly nothing to do, then, with the discovery of her cousin's mar-

riage, and of the existence of a male heir to the property?"

"Oh, nothing,—nothing at all. That is what I say; it came before all that."

"And there has been nothing to which you can attribute it,—nothing has happened,—nothing of any sort?"

"Nothing that I can think of, and I am sure I never thought so much about anything before, in my life, as I have thought about that. There was that affair at Sillmouth,—at Pendleton's cottage; but there was nothing in that, so far as I can see, to make her out of sorts."

"Oh, by the by! tell me all about that story; it all happened, you know, after I went away."

"Well, there was nothing, as it turned out, to make Kate vex herself. It seems that Pendleton's boat, the *Saucy Sally* he called her, you know, poor fellow!—she was a beautiful boat as ever swam, and she's gone the way of all Sallys, however saucy they be, now,—well, the *Saucy Sally* was going to make a run from t'other side one night, with a big cargo; and the men were determined to make a fight of it, if they were meddled with, the stupid blockheads! And poor Winny Pendleton got wind somehow, that the cutter—Ellingham's vessel, the *Petrel*, you know—would be on the look-out for them. So poor Winny was frightened out of her wits,—natural enough!—and off she starts one terrible blustering night to walk up to the Chase, all a-purpose to beg Kate to try and persuade Ellingham—he was up at the Chase that night, as it chanced—to stay quiet where he was next day, and so let the lugger slip in quietly, and no bones broken; a likely story! and Winny must have been a bigger fool than I took her for, to think of such a thing. However, she did frighten Kate, with her rawhead-and-bloody-bones stories of what would be sure to happen if it came to a fight between the cutter and the smugglers, to such a degree that Kate went to Ellingham and told him all about it, one way or another; I don't know what she said to him. Of course he told her that he must do his duty, come what might. And we, Kate and I, had to ride over to Sillmouth, to tell Winny Pendleton that it was no go; and that if the men would fight, their blood must be on their own heads. And certainly,

Kate was in a desperate taking about it that night. She took it into her head that either Pendleton or Ellingham, or maybe both of them, would certainly be killed. But as good luck would have it, it was a terribly dirty night. The *Saucy Sally* managed to give the cutter a wide berth; and there was no fight at all, except with some of the coastguardmen on shore, in which Pendleton got hurt, and a French chap who was with him got a broken head, which nearly sent him into the next world. Well, the wounded man was carried to the cottage at Deep Creek; and up comes, or sends, Winny again, to say that the stranger is dying,—old Bagstock had given him over, and he could not speak a word of English, and Pendleton was away to the moor, and what on earth was she to do, and all the rest of it,—and would Miss Kate have the charity to come down to the cottage, and speak to the man who was dying without being able to speak a word to a Christian soul? There was no saying no to that. So we had to mount our nags and ride over again. And we found the man had enough, to all appearance. But Kate, like a sensible girl and a good Christian, as she is, sent me off for Blakistry to mend old Bagstock's tinkering. And Blakistry managed to set the chap on his legs again; and he was on his way back to France, as I hear, in the *Saucy Sally*, when she was lost. That is the whole of the story. And though Kate certainly was very much put about—more than you would have thought—when she feared there was going to be bloodshed, and likely enough lives lost, still, as the matter turned out, there was nothing to vex her at the time even, let alone making her miserable from that time to this. No, no; *that* has nothing to do with it."

"And you can think of nothing else of any sort?" asked Lady Farnleigh, after she had pondered in silence for a few minutes, over all the details of Mr. Mat's history.

"Nothing at all, Lady Farnleigh. Somebody or something did put it into the squire's head, at one time, that she had cast a sheep's eye on that Jemmy Jessamy of a fellow, Fred Falconer, and was breaking her heart over her sister's engagement to him. But, Lord! it was no good to tell that to me! Our Kate pining after Master Freddy Falconer! No, that wont do!"

"No, I don't think that is at all likely. I flatter myself we know Kate, both you and I, Mr. Mat, a little too well to give any heed to *that* story."

"I should think so, and I was quite sure you would agree with me, Lady Farnleigh."

"But we are no nearer to guessing what is the matter; and something serious there is," said Lady Farnleigh, with grave earnestness.

"Ay, there is, and no mistake about it; sometimes I think 'tis all from being out of health."

"Well, I'll tell you what I will do for one thing,—and the first thing. We will ride first to Dr. Blakistry's, and I will have a talk with him. You shall leave me there for a little time, Mr. Mat."

"Very good, that will suit me very well; for I want to see Glenny about some new gleees that our club has been getting down from London."

So that matter being satisfactorily arranged, they rode directly, on reaching Silvertown, to Dr. Blakistry's door, and were fortunate enough to catch him before he had started on his round of professional visits. So Mr. Mat went off to his musical friend, and Lady Farnleigh was admitted to a *tête-à-tête* with the doctor.

"Doctor," said she, going directly to her object, after a few complimentary words had been said with reference to her return to Silshire,—“doctor, I am unhappy and uneasy about my goddaughter and pet, Kate Lindisfarn. She is far from well. Whether the main seat of the malady is in the body or the mind, I do not know; but whichever it may be I equally come to you for help. Is it long since you have seen her?”

"Why, as it so happens, Lady Farnleigh, it is rather longer than usual since I have seen Miss Lindisfarn. It is—let me see—just about a month, or a little more, since I saw her, soon after paying a visit near Sillmouth to a patient to whose bedside she summoned me."

"Yes, I have heard the story of the wounded Frenchman at Pendleton's cottage. Mr. Mat told me all about it as we were riding in from the Chase this morning."

"Of course your ladyship has heard also of the very singular circumstances which have come to light, with the effect of changing in so important a degree the worldly

prospects of the Misses Lindisfarn?" asked the doctor.

"Of course. Yes, I have heard the strange story, as everybody in Sillshire has heard it by this time. It is a very strange story."

"Has it occurred to your ladyship to consider how far it may be possible that the depressed state of Miss Kate Lindisfarn's spirits may be attributable to this sad change in her social position?"

"The idea has occurred to me, doctor, but only to be scouted the next instant. No, that is not it. We must seek again. In the first place, all my knowledge of Kate's character—and it is a lifelong knowledge, remember, doctor—would lead me to say that such a misfortune would not affect her in such a manner. It is a misfortune,—a great misfortune. Of course Kate would feel it as such. But she would not pine or fret over it. It is not in her nature, I feel perfectly sure of it. But, in the second place, it cannot be that your conjecture is the true one, for another and a perfectly decisive reason. The effect was in action before the existence of the cause to which your suggestion would assign it. Kate's sad loss of spirits and of healthy tone was remarked on at the Chase a month ago or more; and this sudden change of fortune has been discovered only within the last few days."

Dr. Blakistry remained silent for a minute or two before he replied.

"I should be quite disposed to agree with you, Lady Farnleigh," he then said, "that such a cause as we are speaking of would not appear to me to furnish a probable explanation of the phenomena in question. But I think it right—under the circumstances of the case, I think it right—to let you know that you are in error respecting the time at which the knowledge of this sad misfortune may have begun to exercise its influence upon our young friend. The putting you right in this matter involves the disclosing of a secret which was confided to me, and which no consideration would have induced me to betray, were it not that death has made the further keeping of it altogether unnecessary. I do not know exactly by what means the facts which involve the change in the destination of the Lindisfarn property have been made generally known; but—Miss Kate Lindisfarn did not first become acquainted with these facts in the same manner or at the same

time. They were known to her and to her sister from the time of that visit of mine to the wounded stranger in Deep Creek Cottage."

"Dr. Blakistry!" exclaimed Lady Farnleigh, in the greatest astonishment.

"It is even so. Miss Lindisfarn is not aware that I am cognizant of the fact that such is the case; but it so happens that I know it to be so. The wounded man to whose bedside I was called was none other than Julian Lindisfarn, the same who is said to have recently perished at sea on his return to France; and Miss Kate was informed by him of the fact, and was made fully aware of the bearing that fact had upon her prospects."

"And Margaret?"

"Was equally made aware of the same facts. She was informed of them at the same time, by her sister, who bargained with her dying cousin, as he then fancied himself, for permission to share the secret with her."

Lady Farnleigh bent her head, and placed her hand before her eyes, as if in deep and painful thought, for some minutes.

"What can have been Kate's motive?" she said at last, raising her head and looking up into the doctor's face, but still seeming to speak more to herself than to him,—“what can have been Kate's motive for keeping this secret from her family and from me?"

"The motive of her secrecy up to the time of her cousin's departure from England is obvious enough. Doubtless she had given the same promise of secrecy to her cousin that was exacted from me. It seems to have been his earnest wish that it should not be known to his family that he was alive and in the immediate neighborhood. But what her motive has been in still keeping silence as to the fact since his departure, and yet more since his death has become known, I cannot imagine."

Again Lady Farnleigh remained plunged in deep thought, resting her head upon her hand for a long time.

At last, suddenly raising her head and speaking with rapid earnestness, as if a sudden thought had flashed across her mind, she said,—

"Can you recollect the exact date of your visit to the cottage at Deep Creek, doctor?"

"Undoubtedly. I can give it you with

the greatest certainty. It was—yes, here it is,” said the doctor, referring to a note-book as he spoke, “the date of my first visit to Deep Creek Cottage was the 20th of March last.”

“The 20th of March last!” exclaimed Lady Farnleigh, hurriedly searching among a variety of papers she drew from the *reticule* which ladies were wont to carry in those days,—“the 20th of March!” she repeated, looking eagerly at the date of a letter she had selected from among the other papers. “Doctor, I think I have discovered the *mot d’énigme*. I think I see it. I *think* I understand it all. You must excuse me if I make the bad return for your information of keeping my own surmises on the subject to myself. I must do so at least till they are something more than surmises. I *think* I see it all. My dear, dear, darling, high-minded, noble-hearted Kate! And then Miss Margaret! Heavens and earth! You have no idea, doctor, how many things this little secret of yours explains, or how much it is worth. Have a little patience, and you shall know all about it in good time.”

“I will bide my time, Lady Farnleigh, with such patience as I may. I only hope that the solution of the mystery is of a nature to bring back the roses to Miss Lindisfarn’s cheeks. Silleshire cannot afford to let them wither away.”

“That we shall see; I can’t promise,—we shall see. But I am not without my hopes. And now, doctor, while I am waiting for Mr. Mat, who is to come here for me,—and I must trespass on your hospitality till he does come; for he is my only squire,—I will ask you to have the kindness to give me the means of writing a letter. I want to post it before I leave Silvertown.”

And sitting down at the doctor’s writing-table, Lady Farnleigh, scribbling as fast as ever she could drive the pen over the paper, wrote the following letter:—

“DEAR WALTER,—If it is possible, come here without loss of time, on receiving this. And if it is not possible, make it so; I want you. *Basta!* come direct to Wanstraw, without going to Silvertown at all. I got back here only yesterday. I know you won’t fail me; and therefore say no more.

“Yours always and affectionately,

“KATHERINE FARNLEIGH.”

She sealed it in such haste and flurry that she burnt her fingers in doing it; addressed

it to “The Hon. Walter Ellingham, Moulsea Haven, North Silleshire,” and then jumping up from the table, said, “Where can Mr. Mat be? He told me he was going to Glenney’s, the organist’s. I suppose they are deep in quavers and semiquavers. And I want to be on my way back to Lindisfarn. If my horse were here, I would ride off by myself.”

“Here is Mr. Mat; I am sure he has not suffered himself to be detained from his allegiance long, Lady Farnleigh.”

“No, indeed! and I am very rude; but the fact is, Dr. Blakistry, that since I flatter myself that I have discovered what I was in search of when I came here, I am in a very great hurry to go and test my nostrum. Can’t you sympathize with that impatience?”

“I can, indeed, and admit it to be a most legitimate one. Mr. Mat,” continued the doctor, addressing that gentleman as he entered the room, “her ladyship’s service requires that you should sound to boot and saddle forthwith; sorry that it accords so ill with the duties of hospitality to tell you so, but!”—

“We must be off, Mr. Mat; I want to get back to Lindisfarn.”

“I thought your ladyship had ever so many things to do in Silvertown!” said Mr. Mat, staring.

“All that remains to be done now, however, is to put this letter in the post; we will ride by the post-office, and if you are for a good gallop up from the Ivy Bridge to the lodge-gate, I am quite disposed for it.”

“With all my heart, Lady Farnleigh. Any pace you like, once we are down the steep Castle Head to the bridge.”

“I have heard a queerish thing since I came into the town, Lady Farnleigh. It reached my ears by an odd chance, and I hardly know what to make of it,” said Mr. Mat, as they were walking their horses down the steep pitch of hill above mentioned.

“Anything with reference to these sad affairs at Lindisfarn?” said Lady Farnleigh, to whom any other Silvertown gossip was just then altogether uninteresting.

“Why, I hardly know; I can’t help fancying that it *has* reference to some of us up at the Chase, Lady Farnleigh,” replied Mr. Mat, with a shrewd glance at his companion’s face. “But you shall judge for yourself. When I went into Glenney’s, the organist’s, just now, I found old Wyvil, the verger, in

his room. 'Here's the man that can tell us,' cried Glennie, meaning me. I saw with half an eye that old Wyvil was vexed, and that Glennie was letting some cat or other out of the bag; but it was too late then to put her in again. 'Tell you what?' said I. 'Why, this,' said Glennie: 'was Dr. Lindisfarn expected to dinner up at the Chase last Friday?' 'Not that I know of,' said I; 'and I certainly should have known if he had been.' 'There now! I thought as much!' said Glennie. 'Why, what about it?' said I. 'Well it is this,' said Glennie, without paying any heed to old Gaffer Wyvil's signs and winks: 'Jonas, at the Lindisfarn Arms,'—that is the postboy, Lady Farnleigh, who is cousin, or nephew, one or the other, to the old verger,—'Jonas,' says he, 'has been telling my old friend here that he was ordered by Mr. Frederick Falconer to take a chaise and pair that evening round to the door in the doctor's garden-wall, that opens into the Castle Head Lane; and if he met anybody who asked questions, he was to say, that he was going to take the doctor up to the Chase to dinner. Well, he was doing as he was ordered,—was coming along the Castle Head Lane just at six o'clock, which was the time he was told to be there,—when he met old Gregory Greateorex, Falconer's confidential clerk, who sent him back all of a hurry, telling him that the chaise was not wanted for that night. Looks queer; don't it?' said Glennie. 'Very queer!' said I. As if all Silleshire did not know that the squire dines at half-past five too! 'I hope you gentlemen wont go for to get a poor boy into a scrape,' said old Wyvil; 'he did not mean any harm by telling me, as we was having a bit of gossip over a mug of beer.' 'Never fear,' said I; 'the boy, as you call him,—he's sixty if he is a day,—shall come to no harm.' Now what does your ladyship think of that?' concluded Mr. Mat, looking up with another of his shrewd, twinkling glances.

"Upon my word, Mr. Mat, I hardly know. Was Margaret at her uncle's on that day?"

"Yes, she was, and has been there a deal more than at home lately."

"Was she to sleep there that night?" pursued Lady Farnleigh.

"Yes, and did sleep there!" said Mr. Mat.

"It is very odd!" said Lady Farnleigh.

"I see that your ladyship has taken the same notion into your head that came into mine," said Mr. Mat.

"What was that, then?" said Lady Farn-

leigh, smiling, and looking archly at Mr. Mat in her turn.

"Why, what does a postchaise, at a back-door in a by-lane on a dark night, where a young lady is living, mostly mean?" said Mr. Mat.

"It must be owned that it looks very like an elopement, *dans les regles!*" said the lady; "but I confess that that is an indiscretion which I should not have suspected either the gentleman or the lady of, in this case."

"It seems one or both of them thought better of it, anyway!" returned Mr. Mat.

"When was the claim put forward on behalf of Julian Lindisfarn's child first heard of in Silvertown?"

"Old Slowcome heard of it from Jared Mallory, the attorney at Sillmouth, that same afternoon," replied Mr. Mat.

"Humph," said Lady Farnleigh, musingly, as she coupled this fact with the information she had just been put in possession of, respecting the date of Margaret's knowledge of the true state of the case concerning her cousin.

"What does your ladyship make out of it?"

"Well, I don't know; we shall see. But I am almost inclined to think, Mr. Mat, that I can make out of it that it was a great pity Mr. Gregory Greateorex did not abstain from meddling with Jonas Wyvil, the postboy," said her ladyship, with a queer look at Mr. Mat.

Mr. Mat's bright black eyes twinkled like two bits of live fire, and a rather grim smile mantled gradually over the hard features of his seamed face, as he answered,—

"What, let 'em do it? 'twould have served Jimmy Jessamy right, if that was what he was up to."

"I am never for separating two young and ardent hearts, if it can anyway be avoided. Don't you agree with me, especially in cases where one may say with the poet, 'Sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature,' eh, Mr. Mat?"

"Young and ardent hearts be—stuck on the same skewer, the way they do in the valentines!" cried Mr. Mat, with an expression of intense disgust. "I can't say that I can make it out, Lady Farnleigh; they are not the sort, not if I know anything about them," added he.

"Well, perhaps we shall understand it better by and by, Mr. Mat," returned Lady Farnleigh.

And as they reached the Ivy Bridge and the bottom of the hill, while she was speaking, with the long ascent toward Lindisfarn before them, they put their horses into a gallop, and did not draw rein till they were at the lodge-gates.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XIX.

COLIN never ascertained what were the events immediately succeeding his plunge into the canal; all he could recall dimly of that strange crisis in his life was a sense of slow motion in which he himself was passive, and of looking up at the stars in a dark-blue, frosty, wintery sky, with a vague wonder in his mind how it was that he saw them so clearly, and whether it was they or he that moved. Afterwards, when his mind became clear, it grew apparent to him that he must have opened his eyes for a moment while he was being carried home; but there intervened a period during which he heard nothing distinctly, and in which the only clear point to him was this gleam of starlight, and this accompanying sense of motion, which perplexed his faculties in his weakness. While he lay feverish and unconscious, he kept repeating, to the amazement of the bystanders, two stray lines which had no apparent connection with any of the circumstances surrounding him.

"Each with its little space of sky,
And little lot of stars,"

poor Colin said to himself over and over, without knowing it. It had been only for a moment that he opened his eyes out of the torpor which was all but death; but that moment was enough to color all the wanderings of his mind while still the weakness of the body dominated and overpowered it. Like a picture or a dream, he kept in his recollection the sharp, frosty glimmer, the cold twinkling of those passionless, distant lights, and with it a sense of rushing air and universal chill, and a sound and sense of wending his way between rustling hedges, though all the while he was immovable. That feeling remained with him till he woke from a long sleep one afternoon when the twilight was setting in, and found himself in a room which was not his own room, lying in a great bed hung with crimson curtains, which were made still more crimson by a ruddy glow of firelight, which flashed reflections out of the great mirror opposite the end of the bed. Colin lay awhile in a pause of wonder and admiration when he woke. The starlight went out of his eyes and the chill out of his frame, and a certain sense of languid comfort came over him. When he said, "Where am I?" faintly, in a voice

which he could scarcely recognize for his own, two women rose hastily and approached him. One of these was Lady Frankland, the other a nurse. While the attendant hurried forward to see if he wanted anything, Lady Frankland took his hand and pressed it warmly in both hers. "You shall hear all about it to-morrow," she said, with the tears in her eyes; "now you will do well; but you must not exert yourself to-night. We have all been so anxious about you. Hush, hush! You must take this; you must not ask any more questions to-night." What he had to take was some warm jelly, of which he swallowed a little, with wonder and difficulty. He did not understand what had befallen, or how he had been reduced to this invalid condition. "Hush, hush! you must not ask any questions to-night," said Lady Frankland; and she went to the door as if to leave the room, and then came back again and bent over Colin and kissed his forehead, with her eyes shining through tears. "God bless you and reward you!" she said, smiling and crying over him; "you will do well now; you have a mother's blessing and a mother's prayers;" and with these strange words she went away hastily, as if not trusting herself to say more. Colin lay back on his pillow with his mind full of wonder, and, catching at the clew she had given him, made desperate, feeble efforts to piece it out, and get back again into his life. He found it so hard fighting through that moment of starlight which still haunted him that he had to go to sleep upon it, but by and by woke up again when all was silent,—when the light was shaded, and the nurse reclining in an easy-chair, and everything betokened night,—and lying awake for an hour or two, at last began to gather himself up, and recollect what had happened. He had almost leaped from his bed when he recalled the scene by the canal,—his conviction that Frankland had gone down, his own desperate plunge. But Colin was past leaping from his bed, for that time at least. He followed out this recollection, painfully trying to think what had occurred. Was Harry Frankland alive or dead? Had he himself paused too long on the brink, and was the heir of Wodensbourne gone out of all his privileges and superiorities? That was the interpretation that appeared most likely to Colin. It seemed to him to explain Lady Frankland's tears and pathos of grati-

tude. The tutor had suffered in his attempt to save the son, and the parents, moved by the tenderness of grief, were thankful for his ineffectual efforts. As he lay awake in the silence, it appeared to him that this was the explanation, and he, too, thought with a certain pathos and compunction of Harry,—his instinctive rival, his natural opponent. Was it thus he had fallen, so near the beginning of the way,—snatched out of the life which had so many charms, so many advantages for him? As Colin lay alone in the silence, his thoughts went out to that unknown life into which he could not but imagine the other young man, who was yesterday—was it yesterday?—as strong and lifelike as himself, had passed so suddenly. Life had never seemed so fair, so bright, so hopeful to himself as while he thus followed with wistful eyes the imaginary path of Harry into the unknown awe and darkness. The thought touched him deeply, profoundly, with wistful pity, with wonder and inquiry. Where was he now, this youth who had so lately been by his side? Had he found out those problems that trouble men for their life long? Had existence grown already clear and intelligible to the eyes which in this world had cared but little to investigate its mysteries?

While Colin's mind was thus occupied, it occurred to him suddenly to wonder why he himself was so ill and so feeble. He had no inclination to get up from the bed on which he lay. Sometimes he coughed, and the cough pained him; his very breathing was a fatigue to him now and then. As he lay pondering this new thought, curious half-recollections, as of things that had happened in a dream, came into Colin's mind; visions of doctors examining some one,—he scarcely knew whether it was himself or another,—and of conversations that had been held over his bed. As he struggled through these confusing mazes of recollection or imagination, his head began to ache and his heart to beat; and finally his uneasy movements woke the nurse, who was alarmed, and would not listen to any of the questions he addressed to her.

"My lady told you as you'd hear everything to-morrow," said Colin's attendant; "for goodness gracious' sake, take your draught, do, and lie still; and don't go a-moivering and a-bothering, and take away a

poor woman's character, as was never known to fall asleep before, nor wouldn't but for thinking you was better and didn't want nothing." It was strange to the vigorous young man, who had never been in the hands of a nurse in his life, to feel himself constrained to obey,—to feel, indeed, that he had no power to resist, but was reduced to utter humiliation and dependence, he could not tell how. He fell asleep afterward, and dreamed of Harry Frankland drowning, and of himself going down, down through the muddy, black water—always down, in giddy circles of descent, as if it were bottomless. When he awoke again, it was morning, and his attendant was putting his room to rights, and disposed to regard himself with more friendly eyes. "Don't you go disturbing of yourself," said the nurse, "and persuading of the doctor as you aint no better. You're a deal better, if he did but know it. What's come to you? It's all along of falling in the canal that night along of Mr. Harry. If you takes care and don't get no more cold, you'll do well."

"Along with Mr. Harry—poor Harry!—and he"—said Colin. His own voice sounded very strange to him, thin and far-off, like a shadow of its former self. When he asked this question, the profoundest wistful pity filled the young man's heart. He was sorry to the depths of his soul for the other life which had, he supposed, gone out in darkness. "Poor Frankland!" he repeated to himself, with an action of mournful regret. *He* had been saved, and the other lost. So he thought, and the thought went to his heart.

"Mr. Harry was saved, sir, when you was drowned," said the nurse, who was totally unconscious of Colin's feelings; "he's fine and hearty again, is Mr. Harry. Bless you, a ducking aint nothing to him. As for you," continued the woman, going calmly about her occupations,—“they say it wasn't the drowning, it was the striking against”—

"I understand," said Colin. He stopped her further explanations with a curious sharpness which he was not responsible for, at which he himself wondered. Was not he glad that Harry Frankland lived? But then, to be sure, there came upon him the everlasting contrast,—the good fortune and unfailing luck of his rival, who was well and hearty, while Colin, who would have been in no dan-

ger but for him, lay helpless in bed! He began to chafe at himself, as he lay, angry and helpless, submitting to the nurse's attentions. What a poor weakling anybody must think him, to fall ill of the ducking which had done no harm to Harry! He felt ridiculous, contemptible, weak,—which was the worst of all,—thinking with impatience of the thanks, which, presently, Lady Frankland would come to pay him, and the renewed obligations of which the family would be conscious. If he only could get up, and get back to his own room! But, when he made the attempt, Colin was glad enough to fall back again upon his pillows, wondering and dismayed. Harry was well, and had taken no harm; what could be the meaning of *his* sudden, unlooked-for weakness?

Lady Frankland came into the room, as he had foreseen, while it was still little more than daylight of the winter morning. She had always been kind to Colin,—indifferently, amiably kind, for the most part, with a goodness which bore no particular reference to him, but sprung from her own disposition solely. This time there was a change. She sat down by his side with nervous, wistful looks, with an anxious, almost frightened expression. She asked him how he was, with a kind of tremulous tenderness, and questioned the nurse as to how he had slept. "I am so glad to hear you have had a refreshing sleep," she said, with an anxious smile, and even laid her soft white hand upon Colin's, and caressed it as his own mother might have done, while she questioned his face, his aspect, his looks, with the speechless scrutiny of an anxious woman. Somehow, these looks, which were so solicitous and wistful, made Colin more impatient than ever.

"I am at a loss to understand why I am lying here," he said, with a forced smile; "I used to think I could stand a ducking as well as most people. It is humiliating to find myself laid up like a child, by a touch of cold water!"

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, pray don't say so!" said Lady Frankland; "it was not the cold water; you know you struck against— Oh, how can we thank you enough!—how can I even now express my gratitude!" said the poor lady, grasping his hands in both hers, her eyes filling unawares with tears.

"There is no need for gratitude," said

Colin, drawing away his hand with an impatience that he could not have explained. "I am sorry to find myself such a poor creature that I have to be nursed, and give you trouble. Your son is all right, I hear." This he said with an effort at friendliness, which cost him some trouble. He scorned to seem to envy the young favorite of fortune; but, it was annoying to feel that the strength he was secretly proud of had given way at so slight a trial. He turned his face a little more towards the wall, and away from Harry's mother, as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Frankland, "he is quite well, and he is very, very grateful to you, dear Mr. Campbell. Believe me, we are all very grateful. Harry is so shy, and he has never once had an opportunity to pay you that—that attention which you deserve at his hands, and it showed such noble and disinterested regard on your part!"

"Pray, don't say so," said Colin, abruptly; "you make me uncomfortable; there was no regard whatever in the case."

"Ah, yes! you say so to lighten our sense of obligation," said Lady Frankland. "It is so good, so kind of you! And when I think what it has made you suffer,—but I am sure you will believe that there is nothing we would not do to show our gratitude. If you were our own son, neither Sir Thomas nor I could be more anxious. We have sent for Sir Apsley Wendown, and I hope he will arrive to-day; and we have sent for your dear mother, Mr. Campbell."

"My mother?" said Colin. He was so much startled that he raised himself up on his pillows without thinking, and as he did so, was seized by a horrible pain which took away his breath. "Sir Apsley Wendown and my mother? What does it mean?" the young man said, gasping, as he managed to slide down again into his former recumbent position. "Am I ill? or does all this commotion arise simply from an unlooked-for ducking, and a knock against the side of the canal?" He got this out with difficulty, though he strove with all his might to conceal the trouble it gave him; then he turned his eyes to Lady Frankland, who sat wringing her hands, and full of agitation by his bedside. The poor lady had altogether lost her good-natured and amiable composure. Whatever she had to say to him,—whatever the

character of the communication might be, disturbed her greatly. She wrung her hands, gave a painful, hurried glance at him, and then withdrew her eyes from his inquiring looks. All this time, Colin lay impatient, looking at her, wondering, with a sharp sensation of anger, what she could have to say.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said at length, "you are ill; you have been wandering and insensible. Oh, it is hard to think you are suffering for your goodness,—suffering for us! We could not trust you to our doctor here after we knew; we thought it best to have the best advice, and we thought you would prefer to have your mother. I would have nursed you myself and tended you night and day," said Lady Frankland, with enthusiasm; "I owe you that and a great deal more,—you who have saved my dear boy."

"What is the matter with me?" said Colin. It appeared to him as if a great cloud was rolling up over the sky, throwing upon him a strange and ominous shadow. He scarcely heard what she said. He did not pay any attention to her. What was Henry Frankland's mother to him, or her thanks, or the things she was willing to do to show her gratitude? He wanted to know why he was lying there powerless, unable to move himself. That was the first thing to be thought of. As for Lady Frankland, she wrung her hands again, and hesitated more and more.

"I hope God will reward you!" said the agitated woman; "I would give everything I have in the world to see you well and strong as you were when you came here. Oh, Mr. Campbell, if you only could know the feeling that is in all our hearts!" It was her kindness, her reluctance to give him pain, her unfeigned distress, that made her prolong Colin's suspense, and drive him frantic with these exasperating professions of regard, for which, true as they doubtless were, he did not care.

"I suppose I've broken some of my bones," said Colin; "it would be real kindness if you would tell me what is the matter. Will it take a long time to mend me? I should be glad to know, at least, what it is."

Impelled by his looks and his tone, Lady Frankland burst into her statement at last. "You have broken some of your ribs," she said; "but I don't think that is of so much importance; Sir Apsley, when he comes, will tell us. He is coming to-day and you are

looking so much better. It was old Mr. Eyre who gave us such a fright yesterday. He said your lungs had been injured somehow, and that you might never—that it might be a long time—that it might keep you delicate; but even if that were the case, with care and a warm climate—oh, Mr. Campbell! I think he is mistaken; he is always such a croaker. I think—I hope—I am almost sure Sir Apsley will set you all right."

Again Colin had risen in his bed with a little start. This time he was scarcely sensible of the pain which every motion caused him. He fancied afterwards that for that moment his heart stood still in his bosom, and the pulses in his veins stopped beating. The shock was so strange, so sudden, so unlooked for. He sat up—struggled up—upon his pillows, and instinctively and unawares faced and confronted the new Thing which approached him. In that moment of strange consciousness and revelation he felt that the intimation was true,—that his doom was sealed and his days numbered. He did not look at the anxious woman who was wringing her hands by his bedside, nor at any external object; but with an irresistible impulse confronted dumbly the new world,—the changed existence. When he laid himself down again, it seemed to Colin as if years had passed over his head. He said some vague words of thanks, without being very well aware what he was saying, to Lady Frankland, and then lay silent, stunned, and bewildered, like a man who had received a blow. What she said to him afterward, or how long she remained in the room, he was scarcely aware of. Colin belonged to a race which had no weak members; he had been used to nothing but strength and health—wholesome rural life and vigor—all his days. He had even learned, without knowing it, to take a certain pride in his own physical gifts, and in those of his family, and to look with compassionate contempt on people who were "delicate" and obliged to take care of themselves. The idea that such a fate might by any possibility fall to himself had never once occurred to him. It was an impossible contingency at which, even a week ago, the strong young man, just entering upon the full possession of his powers, would have laughed, as beyond the range of imagination. He might die, no doubt, like any other man,—might be snatched out of the

world by violent disease or sudden fever, as other strong men had been; but to have his strength stolen from him while still his life remained had appeared a thing beyond the bounds of possibility to Colin. As he lay now, stunned by this unlooked-for fall, there came before his eyes, as vividly as if he saw them in actual presence, the sick people of his native district,—the young men and the young women who now and then paid, even on the sweet shores of the Holy Loch, the terrible toll which consumption takes of all the nations of the north. One of them, a young man about his own age, who, like himself, had been in training for the Scotch Church, whom Colin had pitied with all his kind heart,—with the deepest half-remorseful sense of his own superior happiness,—came before him with intense distinctness as he lay silent-struck by the cold shadow of fate. He could almost have thought that he saw the spectral, attenuated form, with its hectic cheeks, its thin, long, wasted hands, its preternatural length of limb, seated in the old, high-backed easy-chair which harmonized well enough with the other articles in the farmhouse parlor, but would have been oddly out of place in the room where Colin lay. All the invalid's life appeared to him in a sudden flash of recollection,—the kindly neighbors' visits; the books and papers which were lent him; the soup and jellies which the minister's wife and the other ladies of the parish, few in number as they were, kept him provided with. Colin could even remember his own periodical visits; his efforts to think what would interest the sick man; his pity and wonder and almost contempt for the patience which could endure, and even take a pleasure in, the poor comforts of the fading life. God help him! was this what he himself was coming to? was this all he had to anticipate? Colin's heart gave a strange leap in his breast at the thought. A sudden wild throb, a sense of something intolerable, a cry against the fate which was too hard, which could not be borne, rose within him, and produced a momentary sickness, which took the light out of his eyes, and made everything swim round him in a kind of dizzy gloom. Had he been standing, he would have fallen down, and the bystanders would have said he had fainted. But he had not fainted; he was bitterly, painfully conscious of everything. It was

only his heart that fluttered in his breast like a wounded bird; it was only his mind that had been struck, and reeled. So much absorbed was he that he did not hear the voice of the nurse, who brought him some invalid nourishment, and who became frightened when she got no answer, and shook him violently by the arm. "Lord bless us, he's gone!" exclaimed the woman; and she was but little reassured when her patient turned upon her with dry lips and a glittering eye. "I am not gone yet," said Colin; "there is no such luck for me;" and then he began once more to picture out to himself the sick man at the Holy Loch, with the little tray on the table beside him, and his little basin of soup. God help him! was this how he was to be for all the rest of his life?

This was how he sustained the first physical shock of the intimation which poor Lady Frankland had made to him with so much distress and compunction. It is hard enough at any time to receive a sentence of death; yet Colin could have died bravely, had that been all that was required of him. It was the life in death thus suddenly presented before his eyes that appalled his soul and made his heart sick. And after that, Heaven knows, there were other considerations still more hard to encounter. If we were to say that the young man thus stopped short in the heyday of his life bethought himself immediately of what is called preparation for dying, it would be both false and foolish. Colin had a desperate passage to make before he came to that. As these moments, which were like hours, passed on, he came to consider the matter in its larger aspects. But for Harry Frankland, he would have been in no danger, and now Harry Frankland was safe, strong, and in the full enjoyment of his life, while Colin lay broken and helpless, shipwrecked at the beginning of his career. Why was it? Had God ordained this horrible injustice, this cruel fate? As Colin looked at it, out of the clouds that were closing round him, that fair career which was never to be accomplished stretched bright before him, as noble a future as ever was contemplated by man. It had its drawbacks and disadvantages when he looked at it a week before, and might, perhaps, have turned out a commonplace life enough, had it come to its daily fulfilment; but now, when it had suddenly become impossible, what a career it

seemed! Not of selfish profit, of money-making, or personal advantage,—a life which was to be for the use of his country, for the service of his church, for the furtherance of everything that was honest and lovely and of good report. He stood here, stayed upon the threshold of his life, and looked at it with wonder and despair. This existence God had cut short and put an end to. Why? That another man might live and enjoy his commonplace pleasures; might come into possession of all the comforts of the world; might fill a high position without knowing, without caring for it; might hunt and shoot and fall asleep after dinner, as his father had done before him.

In the great darkness, Colin's heart cried out with a cry of anguish and terrible surprise to the invisible, inexorable God, "Why? Why?" Was one of His creatures less dear, less precious to him than another, that he should make this terrible difference? The pure life, the high hopes, the human purpose and human happiness, were they as nothing to the great Creator who had brought them into being and suffered them to bud and blossom only that he might crush them with his hands? Colin lay still in his bed, with his lips set close and his eyes straining into that unfathomable darkness. The bitterness of death took possession of his soul,—a bitterness heavier, more terrible than that of death. His trust, his faith, had given way. God sat veiled upon his awful throne, concealed by a horrible cloud of disappointment and incomprehension. Neither love nor justice, neither mercy nor equal dealing, was in this strange, unintelligible contrast of one man's loss and another man's gain. As the young man lay struggling in this hour of darkness, the God of his youth disappeared from him, the Saviour of his childhood withdrew, a sorrowful shadow, into the angry heavens. What was left? Was it a capricious Deity, ruled by incomprehensible impulses of favor and of scorn? Was it a blind and hideous Chance, indifferent alike to happiness and misery? Was it some impious power, owning no everlasting rule of right and wrong, of good and evil, who trampled at its will upon the hearts and hopes of men? Colin was asking himself these terrible questions when the curtain was softly drawn, and a face looked down upon him, in which tenderness and grief and pity had come to such a climax as no words

could convey any impression of. It was his mother who stood beside him, stretching out her arms like a pitying angel, yearning over him with the anguish and the impatience of love. Sometimes, surely, the Master gives us in the fellowship of his sufferings a human pang beyond his own,—the will to suffer in the stead of those we love, without the power.

CHAPTER XX.

"THEY'RE awfu' grateful, Colin; I canna but say that for them," said Mrs. Campbell; "and as anxious as if you were their own son. I'll no undertake to say that I havena an unchristian feeling myself to Harry Frankland; but, when you're a' weel and strong, Colin!"—

"And what if I am never well and strong?" said the young man. His mother's presence had subdued and silenced, at least for a time, the wild questions in his heart. She had taken them upon herself, though he did not know it. So far human love can stretch its fellowship in the sufferings of its Master,—not to the extent of full substitution, of salvation temporal or spiritual, but, at least, to a modified deliverance. She had soothed her son and eased him of his burden, but in so doing had taken it to herself. The eagle that had been gnawing his heart had gone to fix its talons in hers; but she carried it, like the Spartan, under her mantle, and smiled while it rent her in twain.

"Whisht, whisht!" she said, in her martyrdom of composure and calm looks, and took her boy's hand and held it between hers—God only could tell how fondly—with a firm, warm grasp that seemed to hold him fast to life. "Colin, my man, it's a' in God's hands," said the mistress of Ramore; "whiles his ways are awfu' mysterious. I'm no one that proposes to read them, or see a' thing plain, like some folk; but I canna think he ever makes a mistake, or lets anything go by hazard. We'll bide his time, Colin; and who can tell what mercy and goodness he may have in his hand?"

"Mercy and goodness, or, perhaps, the contrary," said Colin. If he had not been a little comforted and eased in his heart, he would not have given utterance to words which he felt to be unchristian. But now, with his longing to be soothed and to accept the softening influence which surrounded

him, came an impulse to speak,—to use words which were even more strong than his feelings. As for his mother, she was too thoughtful a woman, and had in her own heart too heavy a burden, to appear shocked by what he said.

"Maybe what appears to us the contrary," she said, "though that maun be but an appearance, like most things in this life. I'm no one to deny my ain heart, or make a show as if I understood the ways of the Lord, or could, ay, in my poor way, approve of them, if a mortal creature might daur to say so, Colin. There's things he does that appear a' wrang to me,—I canna but say it. I'm no doubting his wisdom nor yet his love, but there's mony a thing he does that I canna follow, nor see onything in but loss and misery. But oh, Colin, my bonnie man, that's nae cause for doubting him! He maun have his ain reasons, and they maun be better reasons than ours. If you'll close your eyes, and try and get a sleep, I'll take a breath of air to myself before night sets in. I was aye an awfu' woman for the air; and eh, laddie! I think ye'll be thankful to get back to Ramore after this dreary country, where there's neither hill nor glen; though maybe it might be cauld for you in the spring, when there's so much soft weather," said the tender woman, smoothing his pillows, and bending over him with her anxious smile. "It minds me o' the time when you were my baby, Colin, to get you into my hands again. They say a woman's aye a queen in a sick-room," said the mistress. Her smile was such that tears would have been less sad; and she was impatient to be gone,—to leave her son's bedside,—because she felt herself at the furthest stretch of endurance, and knew that her strained powers must soon give way. Perhaps Colin, too, understood what it was which made his mother so anxious to leave him; for he turned his face to the waning evening light, and closed his eyes, and after a while, seemed to sleep. When he had lain thus quietly for some time, the poor mother stole down-stairs and out into the wintry twilight. Her heart was breaking in her tender bosom; her strength had been strained to the utmost bounds of possibility; and nature demanded at least the relief of tears. Two days before, she had been tranquil and content in her peaceful life at home. When Sir Thomas Frankland's telegram came late

at night, like a sudden thunderbolt into the quiet house, the Holy Loch was asleep and at rest, cradled in sweet darkness, and watched by fitful glances of that moon for which Colin and his friends had looked to guide them on the night of the accident; and no means of communicating with the world until the morning was possible to the inhabitants of Ramore. The anxious mother, whose eyes had not been visited with sleep through all the lingering winter night, set off by dawn to thread her weary, unaccustomed way through all the mazes of the railways which were to convey her to Wqdensbourne. She had neither servant nor friend to manage for her; and no fine lady, accustomed to the most careful guardianship, could be more unused to the responsibilities of travelling than Mrs. Campbell. When she arrived, it was to find her boy, her first-born, stretched helpless upon his bed, to see the examination made by the great doctor from London, to hear his guarded statements, his feebly-expressed hopes, which conveyed only despair, and with that sudden arrow quivering in her heart, to undertake the duties of a cheerful nurse,—to keep smiling upon Colin, telling him the news of the parish, the events of the country-side, as if her coming here had been a holiday. All this together—though so many women have borne it, and though the mistress of Ramore was able to bear it, and more, for her boy's sake—was a hard strain upon her. When she got down-stairs into the air, the first thing she did was to sit down on the steps of the glass-door which led into the terrace and cry bitterly and silently. She was alone among strangers, with scarcely even a friendly feature of familiar nature to give her a little confidence. The aspect of the great house, stretching its long wings and solemn front into the twilight, containing a whole community of people unknown to her, whose very voices were strange, and sounded like a foreign tongue, completed the forlorn sense she had of absence from everything that could help or console; and when, in the restlessness of her nursing, she got up and began to walk about upon that deserted terrace, which Colin had paced so often, all Colin's questions, all his doubts, rushed with double force and feminine passion into his mother's mind. As she pursued her uncertain way, her eye was attracted by the lights in the windows. One of them was large and low,

and so close upon the terrace that she could not help seeing the interior, and what was passing there. Harry Frankland was standing by the fire with his cousin. The long billiard-table behind them, and the cue which Miss Matty still held in her hand did not enlighten Mrs. Campbell as to what they had been doing. Matty had laid her disengaged hand on her cousin's shoulder, and was looking up, as if pleading for something, into his face; and the firelight, which gleamed upon them both, gave color and brightness to the two young faces, which seemed to the sorrowful woman outside to be glowing with health and love and happiness. When Mrs. Campbell looked upon this scene, her heart cried out in her breast. It was Colin's question that came to her lips as she hurried past in the cold and the gathering darkness:—

"Why? O God! why?" Her son struck to the earth in the bloom of his young life,—rooted up like a young tree, or a silly flower,—and this youth, this other woman's son, taking the happiness that should have been for Colin. Why was it? The poor woman called in her misery upon the heavens and the earth to answer her—Why? One deprived of all, another possessed of everything that soul of man could desire,—one heart smitten and rent asunder, and another reposing in quiet and happiness. As she went on in her haste, without knowing where she went, another window caught the mistress's eye. It was the nursery window where all the little ones were holding high carnival. Little boys and little girls, the younger branches of the large happy family, with again the light gleaming rosy over their childish faces. The eldest of all was having her toilet made for presentation in the drawing-room, and at sight of her, another blow keen and poignant went to Mrs. Campbell's heart. Just such a child had been the little maiden, the little daughter who once made sunshine in the homely house of Ramore. It came upon the poor mother in the darkness, to think what that child would have been to her now, had she lived,—how her woman-child would have suffered with her, wept with her, helped to bear the burden of her woe. Her heart yearned and longed in her new grief over the little one who had been gone four years. She turned away hastily from the bright window and the gay group, and sunk down upon her

knees on the ground with a sob that came from her heart,—“Why? oh, why?” God had his reasons; but what were they! The agony of loss, in which there seemed no possible gain; the bitterness of suffering, without knowing any reason for it, overpowered her. The contrast of her own trouble with the happiness, the full possession, the universal prosperity and comfort which she saw, struck her sharply with something which was not envy of her neighbor, but the appeal of an amazed anguish to God. “The ways of the Lord are not equal,” she was saying in her soul. Was it, as nature suggested, with natural groans, because he loved her less, or, as the minister said, because he loved her more, that God sent upon her those pangs, and demanded from her those sacrifices? Thus she cried out of the depths, not knowing what she said. “If I had but had my Jeanie!” the poor woman moaned to herself, with a vision of a consoling angel, a daughter, another dearer, fairer self, who would have helped to bear all her burdens. But God had not afforded her that comfort, the dearest consolation to a woman. When she had wept out those few bitter tears, that are all of which the heart is capable when it is no longer young, she gathered herself up out of the darkness and prepared to go in again to Colin's bedside. Though she had received no answer to her question,—though neither God himself, nor his angels, nor any celestial creature, had gleamed through the everlasting veil, and given her a glimpse of that divine meaning which it is so hard to read,—there was a certain relief in the question itself, and in the tears that had been wrung out of her heart. And so it was that, when Harry Frankland came lightly out of the billiard-room, on her way to dress for dinner, Mrs. Campbell, whom she met coming in from the terrace, did not appear to her to bear a different aspect from that of the mistress of Ramore. Matty did not lose a minute in making her advances to Colin's mother. She was, indeed, extremely sorry, and had even been conscious of a passing thought similar to that which had struggled passionately into being, both in Colin's mind and in his mother's,—a passing sense of wonder why Harry, who was good for nothing in particular, should have been saved, and Colin, who was what Miss Matty called “so very clever,” should have been the sufferer. Such

a doubt, had it gone deep enough,—had it become an outcry of the soul, as it was with the others,—would have made an infidel of that little woman of the world. She ran to Mrs. Campbell, and took her hand, and led her into the billiard-room, the door of which stood open. "Oh, dear Mrs. Campbell, come and tell me about him," she said; and, as it had been the conjunction of a little real feeling with her habitual wiles that brought Colin under her influence, the same thing moved his mother at least to tolerate the inquiry. She drew away her hand with some impatience from the little enchantress, but her tender heart smote her when she saw an involuntary tear in Matty's eye. Perhaps, after all, it was less her fault than her misfortune; and the mistress followed the girl into the room with less dislike, and more toleration, than she would have supposed possible. It might be, after all, the older people—to whom worldliness came by nature, as the Hindoos thought—who were to blame.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am," cried Matty,—and she spoke only the truth, and had real tears in her eyes,—“to think that he should save my cousin again, and suffer so for his goodness. Don't be angry with us, though, indeed, I should not wonder if you could not bear our very name; I am sure I should not, if I were you.”

"Na, God forbid," said the mistress. She was but half satisfied of the reality of the young lady's professions, and this suspicion, so unusual to her, gave dignity to her speech.

"It wasna you nor ony mortal person, but his own heart, that moved my Colin. You could do an awfu' deal," said Colin's mother, looking with a woman's look of disapproving admiration on Matty's pretty face; "but you couldna move my son like his ain generous will. He never was one to think of his ain—comfort"—continued Mrs. Campbell with a little shudder for something in her throat prevented her from saying his life—"when a fellow-creature was in danger. It was his ain heart that was to blame,—if anything was to blame,—and not you."

And the homely woman's eyes went past her questioner with that same look which in Colin had so often baffled Miss Matty, showing that the higher spirit had gone beyond the lesser into its own element, where only

its equals could follow. The girl was awed for the moment, and humbled. Not for her poor sake, not for Harry Frankland, who was of no great account to anybody out of his own family, but because of his own nature, which would not permit him to see another perish, had Colin suffered. This thought, imperfectly as she understood it, stopped the voluble sympathy, pity, and distress on Matty's lips. She no longer knew what to say, and, after an awkward pause, could only stammer over her old commonplaces. "Oh, dear, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I would give anything in the world to make him well again, and I only hope you won't be angry with us," said Matty, with a suppressed sob, which was partly fright and partly feeling. The eyes of the mistress came back at the sound of the girl's voice.

"I'm no angry," she said.—“God forbid; though I might have something to say to you if my heart could speak. The like of you whiles do mair harm in this world, Miss Frankland, than greater sinners. I'm no saying you kent what you were doing; but, if it had not been for you, my Colin would never have come near this place. You beguiled my son with your pleasant words and your bonnie face. He had nae mair need to come here to be tutor to yon bit crooked callant,” said the mistress, with involuntary bitterness, “than Maister Frankland himself. But he thought to be near you, that had beguiled him, and made him give mair heed to your fables than to anything else that was true in life. I'm no blaming my Colin,” said the mistress, with an unconscious elevation of her head; “he never had kent onything but truth a' his days, and, if he wasna to believe in a woman that smiled on him and enticed him to her, what was he to believe in at his years? Nor I'm no to call angry at you,” said Colin's mother, looking from the elevation of age and nature upon Miss Matty, who drooped instinctively, and became conscious what a trifling little soul she was. “We a' act according to our ain nature, and you wasna capable of perceiving what harm you could do; but, if you should ever encounter again one that was true himself and believed in you”—

Here Matty, who had never been destitute of feeling, and who, in her heart, was fond of Colin in her way, and had a kind of understanding of him, so far as she could go,

fell into such an outburst of natural tears as disarmed the mistress, who faltered and stopped short, and had hard ado to retain some appearance of severity in sight of this weeping, for which she was not prepared. Colin's mother understood truth, and in an abhorring, indignant, resentful way, believed that there was falsehood in the world. But how truth and falsehood were mingled—how the impulses of nature might have a little room to work even under the fictions of art, or the falseness of society—was a knowledge unimagined by the simple woman. She began to think she had done Matty injustice when she saw her tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I know how good he is! I—I never knew any one like him. How could I help— But, indeed—indeed, I never meant any harm!" cried Matty, ingeniously taking advantage of the truth of her own feelings, as far as they went, to disarm her unconscious and single-minded judge. The mistress looked at her with puzzled but pitiful eyes.

"It would be poor comfort to him to say you never meant it," she said; and in the pause that followed, Matty had begun to recollect that it was a long time since the dressing-bell rung, though she still had her face hid on the table, and the tears were not dried from her cheeks. "And things may turn out more merciful than they look like," said the mistress, with a heavy sigh and a wistful smile. Perhaps it occurred to her that the gratitude of the Franklands might go so far as to bestow upon Colin the woman he loved. "I'll no keep you longer," she continued, laying her tender hand for a moment on Matty's head. "God bless you for every kind thought you ever had to my Colin. He's weel worthy of them all," said the wistful mother.

Matty, who did not know what to say, and who, under this touch, felt her own artifice to her heart, and was for a moment disgusted with herself, sprung up in a little agony of shame and remorse, and kissed Mrs. Campbell as she went away. And Colin's mother went back to her son's room to find him asleep, and sat down by his side, to ponder in herself whether this and that might not still be possible. Love and happiness were physicians in whom the simple woman had a confidence unbounded. If they came smiling hand in hand to Colin's pillow, who could

tell what miracle of gladness might yet fall from the tender heavens?

CHAPTER XXI.

BUT, though Mrs. Campbell's heart relented toward Matty, and was filled with vague hopes which centred in her, it was very hard to find out what Colin's thoughts were on the same subject. He scarcely spoke of the Franklands at all, and never named or referred to the ladies of the house. When his mother spoke, with natural female wiles to tempt him into confidence, of special inquiries made for him, Colin took no notice of the inference. She even went so far as to refer specially to Miss Matty with no greater effect. "There's one in the house as anxious as me," said the mistress, with tender exaggeration, as she smoothed his pillow and made her morning inquiries; but her son only smiled faintly and shook his head with an almost imperceptible movement of incredulity. He asked no questions, showed no pleasure at the thought, but lay most of the day in a silence which his mother could find no means of breaking, even now and then, for a moment. The first horror, the first resistance had gone out of Colin's mind; but he lay asking himself inevitable questions, facing the great problem for which he could find no solution, which no man has been able to explain. Had the thoughts of his mind been put into words, the chances are that to most people who have never themselves come to such a trial, Colin would have seemed a blasphemer or an infidel. But he was neither the one nor the other, and was indeed incapable by nature either of scepticism or of profanity. The youth had been born of a sternly-believing race, which recognized in all God's doings an eternal right, beyond justice and beyond reason,—a right to deal with them and theirs as he might please; but Colin himself was of the present age, and was fully possessed by all those cravings after understanding and explanation which belong to the time. Without any doubt of God, he was arrested by the wonderful mystery of Providence, and stood questioning, in the face of the unanswering silence, "Why?" The good God, the God of the Gospels, the Father of our Lord, was the divine Ruler whom Colin recognized in his heart; but the young man longed and struggled to find reasonableness, coherence, any recognizable,

comprehensible cause, for the baffling arrangements and disarrangements, the mysterious inequalities and injustices of life. He wanted to trace the thread of reason which God kept in his own hand; he wanted to make out why the Father who loved all should dispense so unequally, so differently, his gifts to one and another. This awful question kept him silent for days and nights; he could not make anything of it. Social inequalities, which speculatists fret at, had not much disturbed Colin. It had not yet occurred to him that wealth or poverty made much difference; but why the life of one should be broken off incomplete and that of another go on,—why the purposes of one should end in nothing,—why his hopes should be crushed and his powers made useless, while another flourished and prospered, confounded him, in the inexperience of his youth. And neither heaven nor earth gave him any answer. The Bible itself seemed to append moral causes which were wanting in his circumstances to the perennial inequalities of existence. It spoke of the wicked great in power, flourishing like the green bay-tree, and of the righteous oppressed and suffering for righteousness' sake, which was, in its way, a comprehensible statement of the matter. But the facts did not agree in Colin's case. Harry Frankland could not, by any exertion of dislike, be made to represent the wicked, nor was Colin, in his own thinking, better than his neighbor. They were two sons of one Father, to whom that Father was behaving with the most woful, the most extraordinary partiality, and nothing in heaven or earth was of half so much importance as to prove the proceedings of the Father of all to be everlastingly just and of sublime reason. What did it mean? This was what Colin was discussing with himself as he lay on his bed. It was not wonderful that such thoughts should obliterate the image of Miss Matty. When she came into his mind at all, he looked back upon her with a pensive sweetness, as on somebody he had known a lifetime before. Sterner matters had now taken the place of the light love and hopes of bountiful and lavish youth. The hopes had grown few, and the abundance changed into poverty. If the Author of the change had chosen to reveal some reason in it, the young soul thus stopped short in its way could have consented that all was well.

And then Lady Frankland came every day to pay him a visit of sympathy, and to express her gratitude. "It is such a comfort to see him looking so much better!" Lady Frankland said; "Harry would like so much to come and sit with you, dear Mr. Campbell. He could read to you, you know, when you feel tired; I am sure nothing he could do would be too much to show his sense of your regard"—

At which words Colin raised himself up.

"I should be much better pleased," said Colin, "if you would not impute to me feelings which I don't pretend to. It was no regard for Mr. Frankland that induced me"—

"Oh, indeed! I know how good you are," said Harry's mother, pressing his hand, "always so generous, and disposed to make light of your own kindness; but we all know very well, and Harry knows, that there is many a brother who would not have done so much. I am sure I cannot express to you a tenth part of what I feel. Harry's life is so precious!" said my lady, with a natural human appreciation of her own concerns, and unconscious, unintentional indifference to those of others. "The eldest son,—and Sir Thomas has quite commenced to rely upon him for many things—and I am sure I don't know what I should do without Harry to refer to," Lady Frankland continued, with a little smile of maternal pride and triumph. When she came to this point, it chanced to her to catch a side-glimpse of Mrs. Campbell's face. The mistress sat by her son's bedside, pale, with her lips set close, and her eyes fixed upon the hem of her apron, which she was folding and refolding in her hands. She did not say anything, nor give utterance in any way to the dumb remonstrance and reproach with which her heart was bursting; but there was something in her face which imposed silence upon the triumphant, prosperous woman beside her. Lady Frankland gave a little gasp of mingled fright and compunction. She did not know what to say to express her full sense of the service which Colin had done her; and there was nothing strange in her instinctive feeling that she, a woman used to be served and tended all her life, had a natural claim upon other people's services. She was very sorry, of course, about Mr. Campbell; if any exertion of hers could have cured

him, he would have been well in half an hour. But, as it was, it appeared to her rather natural than otherwise that the tutor should suffer and that her own son should be saved.

"I felt always secure about Harry when you were with him," she said, with an involuntary artifice. "He was so fond of you, Mr. Campbell,—and I always felt that you knew how important his safety was, and how much depended"—

"Pardon me," said Colin,—he was angry in his weakness at her pertinacity. "I have no right to your gratitude. Your son and I have no love for each other, Lady Frankland. I picked him out of the canal, not because I thought of the importance of his life, but because I had seen him go down, and should have felt myself a kind of murderer, had I not tried to save him. That is the whole. Why should I be supposed to have any special regard for him? Perhaps," said Colin, whose words came slowly and whose voice was interrupted by his weakness,—“I would have given my life with more comfort for any other man.”

"Oh, Mr. Campbell! don't be so angry and bitter. After all, it was not our fault," said Lady Frankland, with a wondering offence and disappointment, and then she hurriedly changed her tone, and began to congratulate his mother on his improved looks.

"I am so glad to see him looking so much better! There were some people coming here," said my lady, faltering a little; "we would not have them come, so long as he was so ill. Neither Harry nor any of us could have suffered it. We had sent to put them off; but now that he is so much better"—said Lady Frankland, with a voice which was half complaint and half appeal. She thought it was rather ill-tempered of the mother and son to make so little response.

"When I almost asked their permission!" she said, with a little indignation, when she had gone down-stairs; "but they seem to think they should be quite masters, and look as black as if we had done them an injury. Send to everybody, and say it is to be on Wednesday, Matty; for Henry's interests must not be neglected." It was a ball, for which Lady Frankland had sent out her invitations some time before the accident; for Harry Frankland was to ask the suffrages of the electors of Earie at the approaching

election. "I don't mean to be ungrateful to Mr. Campbell," said the lady of Wodensbourne, smoothing those ruffled plumes. "I am sure nobody can say I have not been grateful; but at the same time, I can't be expected to sacrifice my own son." Such were the sentiments with which Lady Frankland came down-stairs. As for the other mother, it would be hard to describe what was in her mind. In the bitterness of her heart, she was angry with the God who had no pity upon her. If Harry Frankland's life was precious, what was Colin's? and the mistress, in her anguish, made bitter comparisons, and cried out wildly with a woman's passion. Down-stairs, in the fine rooms, which her simple imagination filled with splendor, they would dance and sing unconcerned, though her boy's existence hung trembling in the balance; and was not Heaven itself indifferent, taking no notice? She was glad that twilight was coming on to conceal her face, and that Colin, who lay very silent, did not observe her. And so, while Lady Frankland, feeling repulsed and injured, managed to escape partially from the burden of an obligation which was too vast to be borne, and returned to the consideration of her ball, the two strangers kept silence in the twilight chamber, each dumbly contending with doubts that would not be overcome, and questions which could not be answered. What did God mean by permitting this wonderful, this incomprehensible difference between the two? But the great Father remained silent and made no reply. The days of revelation and explanation were over. For one, joy and prosperity; for another, darkness and the shadow of death,—plain facts not to be misconceived or contested—and in all the dumb heavens and silent, observant earth no wisdom nor knowledge which could tell the reason why.

CHAPTER XXII.

"AY, I heard of the accident. No that I thought anything particular of that. You're no the kind of callant, nor come of the kind of race, to give in to an accident. I came for my own pleasure. I hope I'm old enough to ken what pleases myself. Take your dinner, callant, and leave me to mind my business. I could do that much before you were born."

It was Lauderdale who made this answer

to Colin's half-pleased, half-impatient, questioning. The new-comer sat, gaunt and strange, throwing a long shadow over the sick-bed, and looking, with a suppressed emotion, more pathetic than tears, upon the tray which was placed on a little table by Colin's side. It was a sad sight enough. The young man, in the flush and beauty of his youth, with his noble physical development, and the eager soul that shone in his eyes, lay helpless, with an invalid's repast before him, for which he put out his hand with a languid movement, like a sick child. Lauderdale himself looked haggard and careworn. He had travelled by night, and was unshaven and untrimmed, with a wild gleam of exhaustion and hungry anxiety in his eyes.

"Whatever the reason may be, we're real glad to see you," said Mrs. Campbell. "If I could have wished for anything to do Colin good more than he's getting, it would have been you. But he's a great deal better,—a wonderful deal better; you would not know him for the same creature that he was when I came here; and I'm in great hopes he'll no need to be sent away for the rest of the winter, as the doctor said," said the sanguine mother, who had reasoned herself into hope. She looked with wistful inquiry as she spoke into Lauderdale's eyes, trying hard to read there what was the opinion of the new-comer. "It would be an awfu' hard thing for me to send him away by himsel', and him no well," said the mistress, with a hope that his friend would say that Colin's looks did not demand such a proceeding, but that health would come back to him with the sweet air of the Holy Loch.

"I heard of that," said Lauderdale, "and, to tell the truth, I'm tired of staying in one place all my life mysel'. If a man is to have no more good of his ain legs than if he were a vegetable, I see no good in being a man; it would save an awfu' deal of trouble to turn a cabbage at once. So I'm thinking of taking a turn about the world as long as I'm able; and if Colin likes to go with me"—

"Which means, mother, that he has come to be my nurse," said Colin, whose heart was climbing into his throat; "and here I lie like a log, and will never be able to do more than say thanks. Lauderdale"—

"Whisht, callant," said the tender giant, who stood looking down upon Colin with

eyes which would not trust themselves to answer the mother's appealing glances; "I'm terrible fatigued with my life, and no able to take the trouble of arguing the question. Not that I consent to your proposition, which has a fallacy on the face of it; for it would be a bonnie-like thing to hear you say thanks either to your mother or me. Since I've been in my situation,—which, maybe, I'll tell you more about by and by, now that my mouth's opened,—I've saved a little siller, a hundred pounds, or maybe mair," said the philosopher, with a momentary smile, "and I see no reason why I shouldna have my bit holiday as well as other folk. I've worked long for it." He turned away just then, attracted by a gleam of sunshine at the window, his companion thought, and stood looking out, disposing as he best could of a little bitter moisture that had gathered in the deep corners of his eyes. "It'll no be very joyful when it comes," he said to himself, with a pang of which nobody was aware, and stood forming his lips into an inaudible whistle to conceal how they quivered. He, too, had built high hopes upon this young head which was now lying low. He had said to himself, with the involuntary bitterness of a mind disappointed and forlorn, that here at least was a life free from all shadows,—free from the fate that seemed to follow all who belonged to himself,—through whom he might again reconcile himself to Providence, and reconnect himself with existence. As he stood now, with his back to Colin, Lauderdale was again going over the burning ploughshares, enduring the fiery ordeal. Once more his unselfish hope was going out in darkness. When he returned to them, his lips had steadied into the doleful turn of a familiar air, which was connected in Colin's mind with many an amusing and many a tender recollection. Between the two people who were regarding him with love and anguish so intense, the sick youth burst into pleasant laughter,—laughter which had almost surprised the bystanders into helpless tears,—and repeated, with firmer breath than Lauderdale's, the fragment of his favorite air.

"He never gets beyond that bar," said Colin. "It carries me back to Glasgow, and all the old days. We used to call it Lauderdale's pibroch. Give me my dinner, mother. I don't see what I should grumble about as long as you and he are by me. Help me to

get up, old fellow," the young man said, holding out his hands, and ate his invalid meal cheerfully, with eager questions about all his old companions, and bursts of passing laughter, which to the ears of his friend were more terrible than so many groans. As for the mistress, she had become by this time accustomed to connect together those two ideas of Colin and a sick-bed, the conjunction of which was as yet misery to Lauderdale; and she was glad in her boy's pleasure, and took trembling hope from every new evidence of his unbroken spirit. Before long the old current of talk had flowed into its usual channel; and, but for the strange, novel circumstances which surrounded them, one at least of the party might have forgotten for the moment that they were not in the pleasant parlor of Ramore; but that one did not see his own countenance, its eloquent brightness, its flashes of sudden color, and the shining of its too brilliant eyes.

But there could not be any doubt that Colin improved from that moment. Lauderdale had secured a little lodging in the village, from which he came every morning to the "callant," in whom his disappointed manhood, too careless of personal good, too meditative and speculative for any further ambition on his own account, had fixed his last hopes. He even came, in time, after he had accustomed himself to Colin's illness, to share, by moments, in the mistress's hopes. When Colin at last got up from his bed, it was Lauderdale's arm he leant on. That was an eventful day to the little anxious group in the sick-chamber, whose hopes sometimes leaped to certainty,—whose fears, with an intuition deeper still, sometimes fell to the other extreme, and were hushed in the silence of an anguish too deep to be fathomed, from which thought itself drew back. It was a bright winter day; with symptoms of spring in the air, when the young patient got up from his weary bed. Colin made very light of his weakness in the rising tide of his spirits. He flattered across the room upon Lauderdale's arm, to look out again, as he said, upon the world. It was an unfortunate moment for his renewal of acquaintance with the bright outside sphere of ordinary life, which had passed on long ago, and forgotten Colin. The room in which they had placed him when his illness began was one of the best rooms in the house, and looked out

upon the terrace and the big holly-trees which Colin knew so well. It was the morning of the day on which Lady Frankland's ball was to take place, and symptoms of excitement and preparation were apparent. Immediately in front of the window, when Colin looked out, Miss Matty was standing in animated talk with her cousin. They had been loitering about, as people do in the morning about a country-house, with no particular occupation,—for the sun was warm, though it was still only the end of January,—and Matty was at the moment engaged in indicating some special designs of her own, which were involved in Lady Frankland's alterations in the flower-garden, for Harry's approval. She had, indeed, just led him by the sleeve into the midst of the half-completed design, and was describing circles round him with the walking-stick which she had taken out of his hand for the purpose, as Colin stood tremulous and uncertain by the window, looking out. Nobody could look brighter than Miss Matty; nobody more happy than the heir of Wodensbourne. If the sick man had entertained any hope that his misfortune threw a sympathetic shadow over them, he must now have been undeceived very summarily. Colin, however, bore the trial without flinching. He looked at them as if they were miles or ages away, with a strange smile, which did not seem to the anxious spectators to have any bitterness in it. But he made no remark until he had left the window, and taken his place on the sofa which had been arranged for him by the fire. Then he smiled again, without looking at any one, with abstract eyes, which went to the hearts of his attendants. "How far off the world seems!" said Colin. "I feel as if I ought to be vexed by that paltry scene on the terrace. Don't you think so, mother? But I am not vexed, no more than if it was a picture. I wonder what it means?"

"Eh, Colin, my man, it means you're getting strong and no heeding about them and their vanities!" cried the mistress, whose indignant eyes were full of tears; but Colin only shook his head and smiled, and made no reply. He was not indignant. He did not seem to care or be interested one way or another, but, as a spectator might have done, mused on the wonderful contrast, and asked himself what God could mean by it?—a question which there was no one to answer.

Later the curate came to visit him, as indeed he had done several times before, praying out of his well-worn prayer-book by Colin's bedside in a way which at first scandalized the mistress, who had, however, become used to him by this time. "It's better to speak out of a book than to speak nonsense," Mrs. Campbell had said; "but eh, Colin, it's awfu' to think that a man like that hasna a word out of his ain heart to make intercession for his fellow-creatures when they're in trouble." However, the curate was kind, and the mother was speedily mollified. As for that excellent clergyman himself, he did not at all understand the odd company in which he found himself when he looked from Colin, of whom he knew most, to the mother with her thoughtful eyes, and to the gaunt, gigantic friend, who looked upon everything in a speculative way of which the curate had an instinctive suspicion. To-day Colin's visitor was more instructive and hortatory than was at all usual for him. He spoke of the mercy of God, which had so far brought the patient toward recovery, and of the motives for thankfulness; to which Mrs. Campbell assented with silent tears.

"Yes," said Colin; and there was a little pause that surprised the curate. "It is comfortable to be better," said the patient; "but it would be more than comfortable if one could but know, if one could but guess, what meaning God has in it all. There is Frankland down-stairs with his cousin, quite well," said Colin. "I wonder does he ever ask himself why? When one is on the wrong side of the contrast, one feels it more, I suppose." The curate had passed Harry Frankland before he came up-stairs, and had, perhaps, been conscious in his own mind of a momentary personal comparison and passing wonder, even at the difference between his own lot and that of the heir of Wodensbourne. But he had thought the idea a bad one, and crushed it at once; and Colin's thought, though more justifiable, was of the same description, and demanded instant extinction.

"You don't grudge him his good fortune, I am sure; and then we know there must be inequalities in this life," said the curate. "It is very mysterious, but nothing goes without compensation; and then we must always remember that 'whom the Lord lov-

eth he chasteneth,'" said the good clergyman. "You are young to have so much suffering; but you can always take comfort in that."

"Then you mean me to think that God does not love Harry Frankland," said Colin, "and makes a favorite of me in this gloomy way? Do you really think so?—for I cannot be of that opinion, for my part."

"My dear Mr. Campbell," said the curate, "I am very much grieved to hear you speaking like this. Did not God give up his own Son to sufferings of which we have no conception? Did not he endure?"

"It was for a cause," said Colin. The young man's voice fell, and the former bitterness came back upon him. "He suffered for the greatest reason, and knew why; but we are in the dark, and know nothing; why is it? One with all the blessings of life—another stripped, impoverished, brought to the depths, and no reason in it, no occasion, no good!" said Colin, in the momentary outcry of his wonder and passion. He was interrupted, but not by words of sacred consolation. Lauderdale was sitting behind, out of the way, humming to himself, in a kind of rude chant, out of a book he held in his hand. Nobody had been taking any notice of him; for it was his way. Now his voice rose and broke in, in an uncouth swell of sound, not unharmonious with the rude verse,

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,"

said Lauderdale, with a break of strong emotion in his voice; and he got up and threw down the book, and came forward into the little circle. It was the first time that he had intimated by so much as a look his knowledge of anything perilous in Colin's illness. Now he came and stood opposite him, leaning his back against the wall. "Callant," said the strong man, with a voice that sounded as if it were blown about and interrupted by a strong wind, "if I were on a campaign, the man I would envy would be him that was chosen by his general for the forlorn hope,—him that went first, and met the wildest of the battle. Do you mean to tell me you're no ready to follow when he puts the colors in your hand?"

From The Spectator, 25 June.

THE COMING WAR.

THE Conference which ought never to have met has risen, and the possibilities of peace are slipping away by hours. One more formal meeting takes place to-day, and then the plenipotentiaries summoned to register and legalize an act of armed spoliation disperse to countries more deeply embittered than they were before the assemblage. Throughout the negotiations every country engaged has maintained the attitude which it had assumed in war; Prussia insolent, unreasoning, and aggressive; Austria courteous in seeming, but following steadily Herr von Bismark's lead; Denmark complaining, and moderate up to a point, but pressed beyond that, hard as iron, or as the oppressed are apt to be; Russia unintelligible; France watchful; and England, conciliatory to the verge, or over the verge, of national humiliation. After surrendering the treaty of 1852, which England herself prepared, after giving up Holstein and selling Lauenburg, after offering one large slice of the country whose integrity he was bound to defend, after compelling his unhappy ally to abandon the boundary of a thousand years, and suggesting that she might live without a defensible frontier, Earl Russell made his final effort in favor of peace, and accepted a crowning humiliation. He abandoned his own ultimatum, the line of the Schlei, and by agreeing to an award of any boundary between the Dannewerke and Apenrade, agreed to place purely Danish populations under the rule of their foes. Even that shameful concession was rejected, eagerly by Prussia, reluctantly by Austria, despairingly by Denmark, and then at last the uselessness of the Conference became clear even to the diplomatic mind, and it remained only to decide whether Germany should carry out the design which she has pursued all along, and Denmark cease to exist, or England should declare that concession being exhausted, she was prepared to defend the right of small nations to exist by arms. Then at last the thesis maintained from the first by Earl Grey alone among politicians, and the *Spectator* alone among journals, was felt to be true. Had England from the first preferred her honor and her policy to her comfort and the surplus, had she counselled the formal renunciation of Holstein, and sent twenty thousand men to the Dannewerke, the war would never

have broken out; and with Holstein assigned to Germany and Lauenburg to Prussia, the Danes might have remained the guaranteed and independent masters of all that is truly theirs,—the Peninsula north of the river which, before Latin ceased to be a colloquial tongue, was described as the Scandinavian frontier.

That chance was thrown away, and the second, which arose when Germany entered Jutland and commenced ravaging territories she does not profess to claim, was also allowed to slip, and we stand now reduced to the alternatives of a war, the gravity of which it is impossible to exaggerate, or of a peace which can by no sophism be made other than dishonorable. If we fight, every political magazine in Europe—and there is one in every country—may receive a shell; if we shrink, the system of Europe ends; for civilization has lost its last guarantee against the ultimate triumph of armed force. We are happy to believe that at the eleventh hour the Whig Government, which has been so weak, has recovered its nerve, has resolved that it will not surrender the right of England to plead effectually for justice and forbearance and freedom, and has agreed to encounter the dangers which may lie behind, which do lie behind, the armed support of the cause it has so very nearly betrayed. Lord Palmerston has promised to make his final statement on Monday, and no one doubts that it will contain a proposal for despatching the British fleet to the aid of Denmark. The doubt is whether it will contain more. There is a strong feeling among some members of the government and a large section of politicians in favor of "localizing" the coming war, that is, we fear, of waging it with as little heart, or energy, or definiteness of object as circumstances will allow. The country once fairly aroused, and it is very nearly awake, will very soon put a stop to this attempt to play with men's lives, but we protest against its adoption even as a theory. If by "localizing" the war, it is intended only to confine it to Northern Europe, to the North Sea and the Baltic, the plan may have some reason in its favor. If at that price Austria will hold aloof, no statesman will willingly force a great power into a contest from which she is from whatever motive willing to abstain. Without the price, to throw away the aid of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary and Poland

would be simple madness. But if by "localizing" the war it is intended only to defend the Danish islands, leaving Prussia to keep the Duchy and to ravage Jutland, to encounter all the dangers of war without securing one of its objects, then we protest against a policy which breaks up the peace of Europe for no adequate end. The ministry may have been right in exhausting negotiation before they appealed to arms, may justify every proposal up to the ultimatum of the Schlei; beyond that point justification is impossible,—but once in war feebleness is ruin. The defence of the islands will not save Denmark, which, without Jutland and Schleswig, ceases to be a State. It will not conciliate the Germans, who are boiling over with hate, and in whom we can for the present hope only to inspire respect,—the respect which all men feel for a just but determined foe. The object of the war is to convince a great and over-military nation that whatever its strength, or unity, or enthusiasm, it cannot be permitted to extend its boundaries by a simple appeal to force, that strength, when it comes to the point, is on the side of the law, and that object can only be secured by a resolute adherence to the British proposal,—Denmark free to the Schlei. The treaty of 1852 has in the contest disappeared. The rights of King Christian in Holstein are not Danish, and England does not plunge into European wars for the sake of mere kings. Lauenburg is not in question on either side except as a make-weight, and Denmark has herself surrendered the territory between her old frontier and the Schlei. Up to that point concession is possible, but beyond that the aggression of Germany is conquest,—the acquisition of territory by arms; and it is to prevent the success of that appeal, as well as to maintain an influence without which Europe would be the prey of

three bad families, that we are about to draw the sword. A great war by itself and for itself is detestable; but there is one thing worse, and that is a little one waged by a great country without an object adequate to the loss to be incurred and the evil to be done. If this country begins at all, it must accept the magnitude as well as the existence of its liability, be prepared with soldiers as well as ships, if needful strike in the Adriatic as well as in the North Sea, defend the principle it arms to protect even when iron-clads are as powerless in the Baltic as armies within a morass. To attempt very little, and that little with half a heart, to keep hoping for peace when the cannon are sounding, and negotiating on the eve of battle, to rise to the circumstances only after months of contest, and then sign away victory just as it has been finally secured, is the regular sequence of events in a great English war. But to adopt that sequence as a policy, as something wise as well as inevitable, would argue a feebleness of judgment as well as a doubtfulness of heart which would from the first chill that national fervor which is the root of English strength in war. If there be still a qualm as to the justice of our cause, still a doubt as to the necessity of action, still a possibility of a return to reason in a German court, let us hesitate yet longer; but for God's sake, let us not enter on a war with seventy millions of people believing that it is a light or temporary undertaking! For the maintenance of England's word and England's imperial honor, for the existence of all free States and the maintenance of a threatened civilization, for honorable defence of the powerless and just resistance to violent wrong, we believe this war to be both righteous and expedient; but it must be as great as the principles it involves and the wrong which has provoked it.

SONG OF THE CROAKER.—A MOTHER'S WAKING. 191

From Our Daily Fare.

SONG OF THE CROAKER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AN old frog lived in a dismal swamp,
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak, croak,
When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foe's power is broke,"
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and dun;
And croak, croak, croak,
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of Right
Are driving the hosts of Wrong;"
But he gives his head an ominous shake,
And croaks out "*Nous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp
And the happiest life accursed.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by and by.

Farewell to the dismal frog;
Let him croak as loud as he may;
He cannot blot the sun from heaven,
Nor hinder the march of day.
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

Very *apropos* indeed to this poem, though different in "treatment," is the following, translated from Goethe, by the Rev. Prof. F. H. Hedge, who contributes it to *Our Daily Fare*.

THE CROAKERS.

FROM GOETHE, BY REV. DR. HEDGE.

THE pond in the meadow was frozen tight,
The frogs beneath, in a doleful plight,
Could no more leap as they had done,—
Their gambols stopped, and all their fun.
Half numb, they murmured dreamily
What they would do when they were free.
Once clear of winter's icy yoke,
They promised never more to croak;

No more in concert would they rail,
But each should sing like a nightingale.
The south wind blew, the ice gave way,
The frogs once more could frisk and play;
They stretched their limbs, they leaped ashore,
And they—croaked as drearily as before.

A MOTHER'S WAKING.

ALL night the dews in silence wept,
And through the pane, the moon's pale
beams
Played on the floor in silver streams,
While by my side, my baby slept.

So soft, so sweet, the midnight stole,
It stilled the breezes on the lea,
And hushed the murmur of the sea,
And hushed the strife within my soul;

And silenced all the questions wild,
That come between our faith and God,
And bade me lie beneath the rod,
Calmly, as lay the sleeping child.

Then slumber on my eyelids pressed,
And dimmed the moonbeam, silver clear,
And hid the sound I loved to hear,—
The breathing of the babe, at rest;

Till o'er the sea, in rosy light,
The flush of morning slowly crept,
And whispering breezes softly swept
The silent shadows of the night.

Then wrapped in dreamland far away,
I saw the angels come and go,
And flutter of their white wings show
Like ocean bird at dusk of day.

They came and looked within my eyes,
With their sweet eyes so pure and true,
And sung low songs, all strange and new,
The music of the eternal skies.

But, waking, lo! a cherub smiled,
Heaven in his soft eyes' azure deep
And radiant from his rosy sleep,
An angel half, and half a child.

And little hands were touching me,
And tiny rills of laughter broke
From lips that kissed me as I woke,
And called my name in baby glee.

And all the vision heavenward swept,
Lost in the gold and crimson sky,
Their farewell whispers floating by;
One angel in my arms I kept.

E. M. MURRAY.
—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me.
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and
glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Appareled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before ;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me ! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore ?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower ?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished
splendors,—
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep !"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas ! thy youth is dead !
It breathes no more ; its heart has no pulsation ;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold."

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain ;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what lands of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage, and the glow
Of sunsets burning low ;

Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine ;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold ;
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turns its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

GREENBACKS.

GREEN be thy back upon thee !
Thou pledge of happier days,
When bloody-handed Treason
No more its hand shall raise ;
But still, from Maine to Texas,
The Stars and Stripes shall wave
O'er the hearts and homes of freemen,
Nor mock one fettered slave.

Pledge—of the people's credit,
To carry on the war,
By furnishing the sinews
In a currency at par—
With cash enough left over,
When they've cancelled every note,
To buy half the thrones of Europe,
With the crowns tossed in to boot.

Pledge—to our buried fathers,
The sons of patriot sires,
On Freedom's sacred altars,
Relight their glorious fires—
That fortune, life, and honor,
To our country's cause we give ;
Fortune and life may perish,
Yet the Government shall live.

Pledge—to our unborn children,
That, free from blot or stain,
The flag hurled down at Sumter,
Shall yet float free again ;
And, cleansed from foul dishonor,
And rebaptized in blood,
Wave o'er the land forever,
To Freedom and to God !